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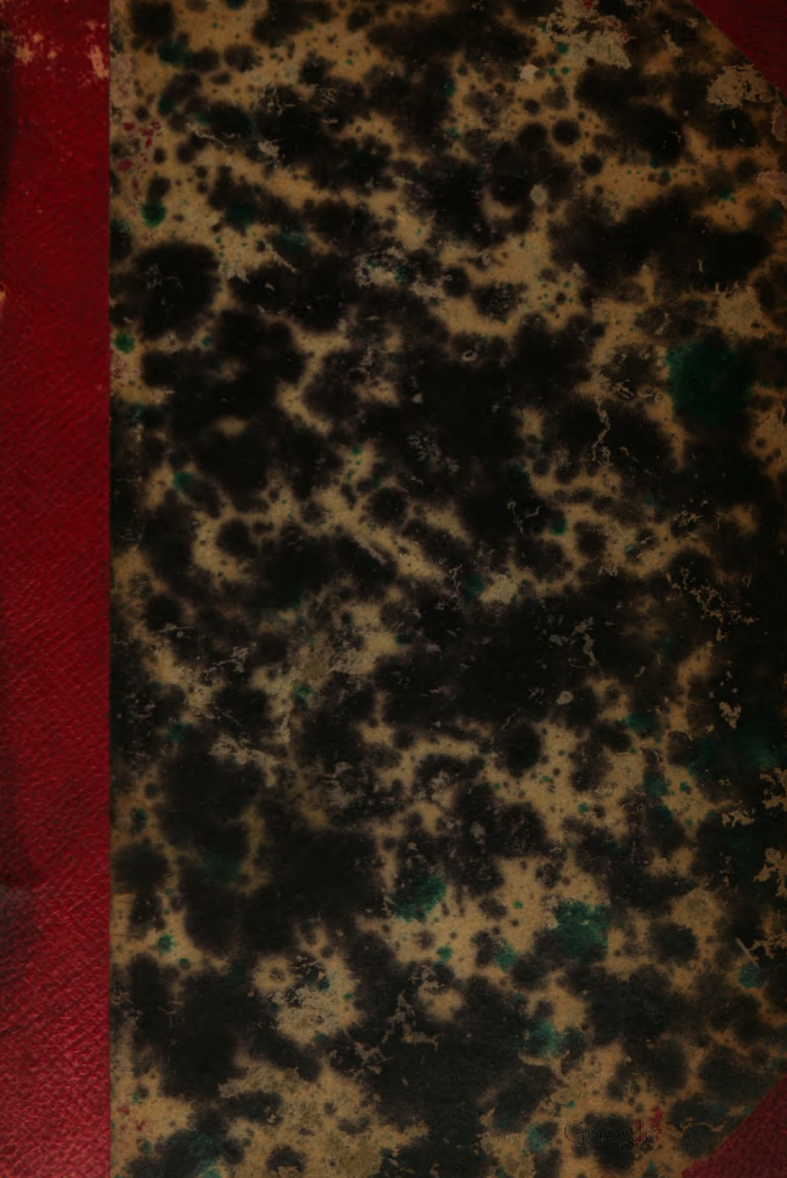
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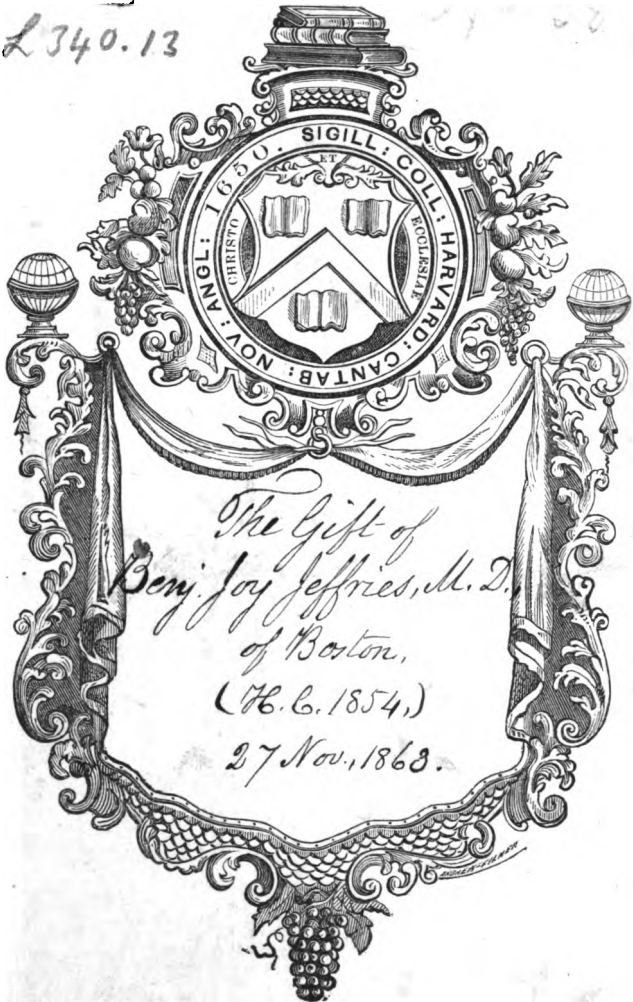
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Nov 1868

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THE
ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING,
FOR
1844.

EDITED BY
PASCHAL DONALDSON.



NEW-YORK:
HENRY D. ROOMS,
OFFICE OF "THE RAINBOW," 107 BULTON ST

THE
ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING,

FOR

MDCCCXLIV.

EDITED BY

PASCHAL DONALDSON.

NEW-YORK :

HENRY D. LOOMIS,

OFFICE OF "THE RAINBOW," 107 FULTON-STREET.

MDCCCXLIV.

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1863, Nov. 27

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PREFACE.

MOST COURTEOUS READER :—The Odd-Fellows' Annual once more appears before thee, "enlarged and improved : " if thou shalt be disposed to peruse it, somewhat thou wilt learn of a Society whose fame, ere now, has doubtless reached thine ear, and, it may be, awakened thy curiosity.

We present thee not with an array of great names ; yet we have obtained—thanks to our brethren and friends—near three hundred pages of ORIGINAL MATTER, in which both information and amusement will be found. It may not be unworthy of notice, that one-third of this matter has been furnished by gentlemen with whom, whilom, the Editor was agreeably associated, toiling in "the Art preservative of all arts." Their lives have, mostly, been passed in the obscurity of printing offices ; yet their names are not, and should not be, entirely unknown in the world of letters.

To the Brotherhood and the defenders of our Fraternal Association—whose names are Legion—we confidently present the Work, believing that it will be received by them with favor; and we likewise respectfully ask those who oppose Odd-Fellowship to read, ere they condemn, the book.

If the FAIR—in whose hands this Token will be placed, the Odd-Fellow's "Symbol of Affection"—smile on our own and our friends' efforts to please, we shall feel that the labor bestowed in preparing this second year's "Offering" has received a gratifying reward.

P. D.

New-York, 18th September, 1843

☞ *The Publisher would hereby inform the Fraternity that he designs to issue, in August next, THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING FOR 1845. It will contain 300 pages of new matter, and be embellished with elegant Engravings, from Steel Plates. Contributions for the Work must be addressed to the Editor, P. Donaldson; Communications on business and Orders for Books may be directed to the Publisher, New-York.*

H. D. LOOMIS.

Sept., 1843.

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THE
ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

RICH AND POOR.

"THE rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all," meekly responded the widow to the supercilious remarks of the banker; "and," added she, "as one nature is common to all, so all are exposed to the humiliating mischances of life, and it may yet please Providence to illustrate, in your own experience, that poverty and affliction which you appear so little to regard in the experience of others."

The secretary here whispered to Mr. Avondale that it might be well to read the letter of introduction which the widow had brought, as its rejection might give offence to the writer, a gentleman of influence in the commercial circles, and who had occasionally favored the house of Avondale & Co. with some very profitable commissions.

Mrs. Avondale, who sat comforting her lap-

dog, that had been quite overcome by rage and terror on the appearance of the strangers, remarked that she felt as much sympathy for the unfortunate as anybody, but she must say that such calls in the morning were quite unseasonable and annoying; and as it was now the breakfast hour, the letter could be left, and the woman or her daughter might call in a few days at the counting-house for an answer.

Mrs. Martel had not announced her name, having only introduced herself to the banker as a destitute country-woman of his; depending rather upon the name of Mr. Penton, whom she mentioned as having, in the letter, commended her to his kindness; and now, after so ungracious a reception, she resolved neither to leave the letter nor to disclose her name.

Poor little Harold, who stood behind Maria, was old enough to perceive that there were no sugar-plums for him coming out of this visit, and he impatiently implored his sister to hasten their departure, which, as the party were not invited to take seats, was soon acceded to. On their retiring, Mr. Avondale said she might leave the note of Mr. Penton; but the widow replied that she hoped to give him no further trouble in the matter of assisting her, and so declined the privilege. Little Harold opened the door, the mother and daughter politely courtesied, and, in turn, they were soon all handsomely barked down stairs by

the spiteful cur that had been vociferously growling under the table during the interview.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Martel to Maria, sighing as they left the banker's stately mansion, "that we are in the hands of a merciful, all-wise Being, we are sure; but why he has permitted this, the seemingly last resource, to fail us, he alone can know at present: may we be enabled to depend upon his power and goodness even in the most inscrutable of his ways."

Abandoning all hopes of being able to return to England before spring, as it was now late in October, they slowly and almost unconsciously wandered back to the residence of Mr. Penton, and being there most kindly received by his amiable, generous-hearted lady, the poor widow and her children sank upon a sofa in the parlor and vented their overflowing feelings in a flood of tears.

The reader must now be informed that Mrs. Martel was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of Wiltshire, England, who left at his decease a very large estate to be divided equally between herself and an only brother. But it had happened, as she was early deprived of the care and counsel of her maternal parent by death, that she had clandestinely married a young sergeant of the British army, and had gone with him to India, several years previous to her father's demise. As her brother was left sole executor,

and was desirous of going to India on his own account, he disposed of the whole property and embarked for Calcutta, where he supposed his sister to reside.

On arriving there he found that the regiment to which the young sergeant, his brother-in-law, was attached, had sailed some time before for the Pacific; and finding it impossible to follow, at that period, he invested his funds in various lucrative enterprises, and remained until he had accumulated an immense amount of money for his sister and himself; for he was still ardently attached to her, though so long separated from her, and an ungenerous or selfish thought in reference to the property in his hands, as trustee for his relative, had never mingled in his well-laid plans for augmenting the joint estate: it was constantly his chief hope one day to meet the wandering idol of his father's house, and present her a noble account of the stewardship that providence had intrusted to him on her behalf.

To follow the history of Sergeant Martel and his little family through all the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, would alone require much more space than can here be devoted to the whole train of circumstances connected with the narrative. It must suffice, therefore, to state that after fighting his way over half the world, with little to alleviate the hardships of his profession but the love of a faithful, virtuous wife, and the affection

of four sweet children, he fell in the sanguinary struggle in Portugal, in the service of Don Pedro, who had raised the standard of Donna Maria against Miguel the Usurper.

After losing her husband, Mrs. Martel soon began to realize the wretchedness of being an unprotected stranger in a country teeming with the horrors of intestine war. Harold, who at the time of the visit described in the engraving was about nine years of age, was an infant in his mother's arms when she was thus left to struggle for safety and subsistence in a strange country, and where at that time rapine was accustomed to lay its lawless hands upon person and property irrespective of right or wrong. Her situation was truly deplorable, with the care of an infant, and two little girls, the younger of whom was very ill of a fever contracted during the campaign. Her eldest son was in the naval service on a remote station, and for a long time knew nothing of his mother's calamity in the loss of his father; and even if he had known, he could not then have afforded any aid.

In this afflicting condition, she began to think of returning to England; though she had received no direct communication from her father since her marriage, and a number of years had now elapsed since any authentic information from the home of her youth had come to hand.

But not doubting that in her present destitution

her father would forgive his wandering child, and take her, his only daughter, as she was, once more to his affections, she determined, after a sharp conflict in her own bosom with the lingering emotions of fear and pride, which occasioned some acute misgivings relative to the reception she might meet with in the circles that she had so proudly moved in, once more to seek her native place. Accordingly, she applied for the pay that was due for her husband's services, and in about a month, being favored with the opportunity of an American vessel bound for Liverpool, set sail for home.

The time of the voyage was occupied in many little preparations for the anticipated meeting. Mrs. Martel pictured to herself the coming of her father to meet her at his threshold, with the eagerness and parental love manifested by the father in the touching story of the "prodigal son." The two girls, Julia and Maria, the first of whom soon recovered her health at sea, contrived many little devices for the entertainment of the friends and relatives whom they expected soon to see; and their innocent hearts exulted in the hope that all their dangers and privations, and the many sufferings of their kind parent, were now coming to a close.

How vision-like are the surest of earthly expectations! On arriving at the scene so long forsaken, and so dear in the recollections of the

first sixteen years of her existence, Mrs. Martel learned, as has already been related, that her father was dead, the estate gone out of the family, and that her only brother had gone, with her portion, to seek for her in India.

It was a most painful disappointment, thus to find herself alone and comparatively friendless, where she expected to realize all the endearments and comforts of relationship and affluence. The only circumstance that contributed to mitigate her embarrassment and dejection, was the receipt of about four hundred pounds that was due to her father's estate, and which her brother had directed to be paid to her, if she should return before him. This good providence enabled her to take a small cottage and give some attention to the education of her children ; and for about five years she lived in tranquil retirement, sustained by a firm reliance upon Heaven, and by economy, managing not only to keep her family above actual want, but to give each child a respectable course of instruction. At last some circumstances occurred which rendered her residence unpleasant, and at the same time her income, small as it was, becoming more and more precarious, she took the advice of several friends, and embarked for America. She arrived in the United States during the prevalence of the extraordinary hallucination that happened here a few years ago, when ever acre of land was sup-

posed to cover a mine of gold, every stone to be worth a fortune per annum, and every dollar was expected to quintuple itself by merely passing it from one hand to the other. The poor widow thought herself too happy in arriving safe and sound in such a golden land ; and finding numerous kind-hearted knowing persons who were willing to invest her little means and make her fortune for her, she was soon fairly drifting in the tide of speculation. The bubble burst, and Mrs. Martel was ruined.

In the course of her various negotiations she had become slightly acquainted with Mr. Penton, to whom, in her troubles, she mentioned that she had a cousin who was married to a wealthy townsman of hers, and resided in this city, as she had understood. Mr. Penton kindly ascertained for her that her relative was the lady of the opulent Mr. Avondale, with whom, in business, he was very well acquainted, though he had no special admiration for his character as a man.

Finding only peril and penury awaiting herself and children should she remain, Mrs. Martel was desirous of returning to England immediately, in order to escape the rigor and hopelessness of a long American winter. And it occurred to her to make application to Mr. Avondale for the loan of a small amount, based upon his probable knowledge of her ultimate expectations

through her brother; and though her prospects of repaying, from that source, were, indeed, almost imperceptibly remote, and depended upon so many contingencies, that a shrewd calculator could hardly be expected to take up the proposition with avidity, yet she had some faint hope of succeeding through the name of Mr. Penton, and the subsidiary fact of her relationship to the banker's wife.

With these hopes and fears, she made her way to the house of Mr. Avondale, accompanied by Maria and Harold, as exhibited in the engraving. With the true self-respect of a high-minded woman, she determined to state the object of her visit frankly at the outset, as a mere stranger, and then, if she should find the application received with courtesy, or likely to be entertained at all, to fortify it by revealing her name and plan of re-payment, as expressed at length in the letter of introduction furnished by Mr. Penton. But either her method was ill-chosen, or the banker was in an unlucky humor, for no sooner had she entered his presence, and had uttered an ominous hint respecting her necessities, prefaced though it was by the name of Mr. Penton, than he began such a hurricane of invective and abuse as utterly astounded his poor visitors, and prevented any further development of the widow's financiering scheme. Indeed, so indignant was she that she would not have accepted a favor

from him upon any terms. When the storm had somewhat subsided, she replied very composedly by using the significant passage of sacred scripture, with which this little history commences. The retort which she appended was quite accidental, happening to be the most convenient thought that occurred at the moment, to express her sense of the indignity offered in his tirade, and to rebuke the cruel insolence with which the rich too often lacerate the feelings of the poor. But it was prophetic.

As before stated, the party returned to Mr. Penton's, chagrined and dispirited; but that gentleman, with the true sympathy of a Christian, generously proffered the pecuniary aid that was necessary to enable Mrs. Martel to return with her family to England; though at the same time he earnestly advised her to remain in this country, at least until spring, and gave her an unequivocal assurance that she should not want.

It is supposed that Mr. Penton's eldest son, Frederick, had something to do with this proposition, as he had made the acquaintance of Maria, and was evidently happier when in her company than when out of it. Of this, however, the reader will be able to judge better from the sequel. Mrs. Martel consented to remain,—and within three months Frederick and Maria were one, in law; as from the first they had been in affection. He loved her for her tenderness to

her mother, her modesty, and accomplishments, without the least abatement on the score of her being penniless ; and she rewarded his pure attachment by an elegance of manner, beauty of person, refinement of mind, and ultimately by an ample fortune. The writer makes this brief digression here, in order to relieve his lady readers of suspense, at once, in relation to the lovers ; disdaining to adopt the tantalizing practice generally pursued by the authors of mere fiction, in keeping marriages, and such things, in the dark, or rather in the inkstand, until the end of the chapter or narration. Indeed, he is half inclined, while upon this subject, to anticipate all the circumstances of this nature, connected with the story, and tell candidly, once for all, how Julia, charming, innocent Julia, and even little Harold, subsequently—but it would be too bad to divulge every interesting secret in one page ; besides, there would be nothing left to help along the dull portions of the history :—so the reader will be good enough to be patient. Patience is an estimable virtue.

One evening, in the winter, a young gentleman of fine bearing called at the residence of Mr. Penton, and informed him that he had just arrived from Calcutta in a ship consigned to his house ; remarking that, as he was a stranger, he would be glad to throw himself upon the hospitality of Mr. Penton's family for a few days, while he trans-

acted a little business in the city. Of course a polite and cordial welcome was at once extended, and the stranger forthwith made himself at home.

The advent of the interesting young gentleman was soon reported to the family of Mrs. Martel, and great hopes were entertained, that coming from the East, he might possibly know something of the long-lost brother of the widow. But what was the astonishment of all, to find, and what will be the reader's gratification to learn, that the visiter was none other than Marion Martel, the widow's long-absent, though never-forgotten son! He had honorably reached a lieutenancy in the British navy, and having touched at Calcutta during a cruise, he there found his uncle, to the great happiness of both.

Marion was there informed by his uncle, that about five years previously, upon receiving some verbal information that his sister had returned to England, he had deposited in the hands of a New York merchant, then in Calcutta, and about to return to America, the sum of twenty-three thousand pounds, on account of her portion of her father's estate, which the merchant was to transmit to her as soon after his return as practicable. The proper acknowledgments and documents necessary, in so important an agency, were duly signed and delivered. The money was paid in gold into the merchant's hands, and by him regularly shipped on board a noble

American merchant-man bound directly for this port; and the uncle was to be advised by letter of the progress of the business, until it should be consummated in Mrs. Martel's actual receipt of the whole amount.

Thus her generous brother supposed that he had, at last, made sure of his sister's whereabouts, and fulfilled, at least in part, the sacred trust confided to his care. He had received information of the safe arrival of the ship, and he had also received two or three letters from the merchant; but the statements relative to the money were so ambiguous and vague, that he could not satisfactorily determine whether the deposit had reached its proper destination or the reverse. But the circumstance that he had not heard by letter from England, finally caused a suspicion in his mind that something must be wrong. The arrival of his nephew in the midst of this perplexity he thought most opportune; and after communicating to him a knowledge of these particulars, he suggested the propriety of a voyage to New York, to make inquiry, and rectify any discrepancy that might exist.

The more they conversed and reflected upon the subject, the more imperative seemed the necessity for the immediate embarkation of Marion for America to attend to his mother's rights, which appeared quite obviously to be in jeopardy. The principal obstacle was in obtaining leave of ab-

sence, long enough, from the service ; but after some delay, this difficulty was obviated, through great interest, by an arrangement for his meeting the fleet again within ten months at Gibraltar. This accomplished, and receiving from his uncle the necessary vouchers and legal authority, together with a considerable amount of property and many valuable presents, he took passage in the brig North Star, and safely arrived, after a fair voyage of one hundred and twenty-seven days, at the port of New York, and made his way, as before related, directly to the residence of the consignee, the excellent Mr. Penton.

After a few days spent in mutual gratulation upon the unexpected meeting of so many friends and relatives together, "keeping up the wedding," viewing the city wonders, and distributing the presents, Marion addressed himself to the important business that had brought him hither ; and producing his packages of papers, they were opened in the presence of Mr. Penton and his mother's family. What a development ! There were a dozen indisputable evidences that Mr. Avondale owed Mrs. Martel more than fifty thousand dollars, with five years' interest on that large amount !

Could the arrogant banker have guessed the relation in which he stood to the poor "woman," as Mrs. Avondale politely called the widow on the occasion of her visit, how would he have

wished the earth to open and engulf himself or her! Or, had he got a glimpse of that little note of introduction, how easily he might have rendered the required assistance, and have sent herself and family quite out of the way long enough to have adjusted his affairs according to the prevailing fashion of pretended bankruptcy, and so have given a quietus to a claim that his whole estate at present could not more than satisfy, if immediate restitution should be demanded and enforced. But he was yet in profound ignorance of the mistake that his passionate conduct had led him into; and while he supposed that the widow and fatherless children, upon whose property he had lived sumptuously for years, were yet far away, without knowing their misfortune of being in the hands of such a wretch as he,—and were probably without the means of remedy if they did,—while he was thus fancying his ill-gotten wealth abundantly secure, measures were maturing, as it were at his very door, for compelling him to make full reparation, even to the uttermost farthing, for the ~~four~~ dishonesty of which he had been guilty, and the dishonor that he had brought upon his proud profession.

Legal proceedings were instituted and vigorously carried through; and within six months from the time of her first mortifying visit to Mr. Avondale, Mrs. Martel made a second call at his house, in company with several gentlemen and

officers of the law, to negotiate a stay of execution through a full and unconditional surrender of all his real and personal estate, in satisfaction of the judgment obtained against him, for the privilege of remaining on sufferance in the prosecution of his business in order to obtain support. This favor Mrs. Martel most cheerfully granted, and thus saved the humbled banker from utter destitution.

It was pitiable to see how crest-fallen were the inmates of that proud mansion, where, so little time before, the haughtiest insolence characterized the deportment of every one. Even the little noisy aristocratic lap-dogs seemed to realize the humiliation, and were as mute as their mistress. But the fallen family were in merciful hands. Mrs. Martel was a Christian lady in reality, and delighted to illustrate our Saviour's golden rule, and all the sacred precepts of our faith. And though the unfaithful banker had received a lesson of great severity from the stern justice of the law, yet its rigor was so liberally abated that he never actually suffer'd to the degree that the widow had unconsciously predicted at their first interview with each other. But he lived to comprehend the wise man's proverb, as introduced by Mrs. Martel in the beginning of this narration,—
“The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.”

R. H.

August, 1843.

AN ODD-FELLOW'S STORY.

BY BRO. B * * * * * T.

He who would derive the advantages of Odd-Fellowship, must not neglect its interests : the man who, in prosperity, connects himself with a Lodge, and afterward forsakes it, must not expect it to adhere to him in adversity. Yet, men should be Odd-Fellows for the good they may effect ; not for the assistance they may require.—Ed.

“GEORGE, my own dear George, do tell me what is the matter ?” said Mrs. Seaton to her husband, as he entered his dwelling, pale and careworn. “Indeed, you frighten me with your looks.”

The husband paused a moment, gazed upon her anxiously, and at length replied, “Bring a chair, Jane, and be seated. You have been a good and faithful wife : you have loved me through weal and wo ; and I had looked forward to many years of happiness. But——”

“Do tell me all, dear George ; don’t keep me in this awful suspense. Do—do tell me all at once ;” eagerly exclaimed the anxious wife.

“Then, in a word, Jane, I am a ruined man !”

“Thank God—thank God—and is that all !”

exclaimed Mrs. Seaton, as she threw herself weeping upon his bosom.

"And is not that enough, my love? To find myself reduced in an hour from comparative ease and comfort to poverty and misery!—to look forward now only to toil, and slavery, and suffering!—to know that you and the children must suffer too!—and is not that enough, Jane?"

"My dear George, when we were united, I did not promise myself a life of unclouded prosperity. I looked only to your love to make my happiness. Let me but feel that *your* love is mine, and sickness or poverty, misery or want, may come, and I can yet be happy. But the dear children: ruined, George, did you say? Tell me what you mean. How—how ruined?"

The husband wiped a tear from his eye, as he replied:

"Edward Burton, for whom I endorsed to the fullest extent of my means, has absconded, and my whole property has been attached to satisfy his rapacious creditors. Even the little comforts with which we are now surrounded will to-morrow be wrested from us; and I know too well the character of the men with whom I have to deal to hope for favor at their hands. But let the children retire now, and we can talk of this matter afterwards. It makes my heart bleed to see the little innocents! How happy they seem with their little toys! and perhaps to-morrow they

may be sent forth houseless wanderers and beggars !”

“ George,” interposed the wife, “ you must not talk thus ; you must not speak so despondingly. Oh, remember that God will never forsake those who honor him ; and surely we do love our heavenly Father ; do we not, dear husband ?” and she looked into his face with a fond, confiding glance.

“ Yes, my dear wife, I trust we do ; and I hope that I at least shall be ever grateful for the boon He has conferred on me, by blessing me with such a companion as you.”

The relation of this little incident has been rendered necessary, in order that, while introducing George Seaton and his wife to the reader, their characters may be understood. Of their early history it is unnecessary to speak. They were the children of respectable, but not wealthy parents, who hailed the union of two such congenial spirits with promises of lasting happiness.

It was the spirit of reliance and confidence in an all-wise Providence that enabled George and his wife to bear their sudden reverse with resignation ; and while they bowed with humility to the afflicting dispensation, they hoped and prayed that brighter days would come.

The husband was right in his estimate of the character of the creditors with whom he had to deal. He had endorsed freely for a friend, an old companion of his boyish years, whose word,

he thought, was his bond ; but that friend had suddenly and unaccountably absconded, leaving George to meet all the demands ; and as creditors, in such cases, are often apt to receive readily the worst impressions, the idea that the endorser was connected in the frauds perpetrated by his *friend* was eagerly acquiesced in by some, and formed a plausible excuse for treating him in the most rigorous manner. He could have borne patiently the loss of his property, but the attack upon his reputation he could not bear ; and he felt desolate indeed at heart when he heard his name and character blackened by the unfeeling creditors. But there was no help ; it was vain for him to hope for any indulgence ; every thing except the barest necessary clothing was taken from him ; and in one short week George Seaton found himself a beggar. Cincinnati, the city of his residence, was now no place for him,—there were no ties to bind him to that place ; and he determined to remove to New York, and, if possible, obtain a situation here as clerk, in which he might, at least, earn a livelihood for himself and family.

Let me now avail myself of a tale-writer's privilege, and ask the reader to pass over four years of time, and transport himself to what is called "the goodly city of Gotham."

It was a cold stormy night in December : the snow was falling in large flakes ; the wind blew

with fearful violence ; and the few passengers to be seen in the streets were muffled closely in their warm coats, and hurried on, each anxious to avoid the "pelting of the pitiless storm." A young man, closely enveloped in a cloak, was hurrying along Walker-street, who, as he passed the lamp near a corner, was stopped in his course by the voice of supplication ; and turning, he beheld a female, clad in a garb ill suited to the driving storm to which she was exposed. The light shed from the lamp showed him her face, turned up to him with an imploring expression,—and as she shivered with the cold, while her teeth chattered so that she could scarcely articulate, she clasped her hands, and feebly exclaimed, "For the love of God, sir, give me something to keep me from starving !"

"Good Heaven !" exclaimed the pedestrian thus accosted, "starving, and exposed in such a night as this ! and in such clothing ! Here, take my cloak, and show me where you live !" and, suiting the action to the word, the cloak was in an instant thrown over the shoulders of the shivering creature who stood before him. She tried to say, "Heaven bless you !" but though her lips did not utter the words, her heart did, and never was aspiration more sincere and fervent.

In silence the woman led the way, followed by her companion, until they reached a small house in Orange-street, into the cellar of which they

descended. A cold shudder ran through the frame of the young man, as, with a sad and heavy heart, he reached this abode of poverty. The sight that met him there was too much for his feelings, and, burying his face in his hands, tears rained from his eyes—tears of pure sympathy. In the fireplace, two or three chips were burning, not giving light enough to distinguish any object except in their immediate vicinity ; around these embers two children were huddled, as closely as they could be without touching the fire, shivering with the cold. In a further corner of the hole—for it deserved no other name—upon a few bits of old rags, and without any covering, lay the form of a man, from whom proceeded short quick breathings, showing too plainly the sufferings of his emaciated body.

The woman glided to the bed of the sufferer, and sinking on her knees beside him, faintly whispered, "Our prayers are heard, and God has sent us relief." A groan from the sick man was the only reply ; and seating herself at his head, she stooped down and kissed his burning forehead.

The stranger approached the poor man's bed, and spoke words of comfort to his sad spirit ; but, alas ! succor had come too late. The heart-broken but affectionate wife stated that her husband had lain for weeks in that wretched state,—that their means of subsistence failed when dis-

ease attacked him,—and that since his confinement she had contrived to support life by the meager assistance she was enabled to obtain by begging.

On inquiry, the visiter learned that this unhappy family had seen brighter days ; and that in those days the husband and father had been attached to a Lodge of Odd-Fellows, which, as is unfortunately the case with too many, he had neglected in his hours of prosperity, and thus cut himself off from the advantages which he might have enjoyed in adversity, had he been faithful to the requirements of his Lodge. But there is no need of concealment ; and I therefore state at once that the sick man and his weeping wife were none other than George and Jane Seaton ; who, after they left Cincinnati, poor and penniless, came to New York, and here obtained a scanty subsistence, until sickness deprived them of all means of living. But the stranger with whom Mrs. Seaton had met, and from whom she asked relief, fortunately happened to be himself an Odd-Fellow ; and though the dying man before him had proved recreant to his trust, and was undeniably without any claim to assistance, he could not conscientiously leave him without affording some aid. He therefore left the cellar for a short time, promising to return again : and after a few minutes of anxious suspense, passed in silence by the wretched occupants of that dreary abode, he de-

scended, bringing with him fuel and provision, to warm and feed the half-famished and wretched beings, for whom few cared, and whose condition none, except himself, even knew.

The stranger did not leave the afflicted family until he saw the invalid placed in a comparatively comfortable situation ; and when he did retire it was with the earnest hope that he might, the next morning, find him much better. Little did he think that the poor patient's end was so nigh !

When, early on the following morning, the young gentleman re-entered the wretched cellar, he found the woman and her children wringing their hands and weeping bitterly ; for he who had been their all in life was now cold in death ! His spirit had passed into another world but a few hours before. Oh ! how distractedly did the poor heart-broken widow cling to those mute remains ! It was heart-rending to listen to her pitiful cries. But the kind stranger finally succeeded in pacifying and leading her and the children from the place, and eventually in removing the body to his own dwelling.

* * * * *

The remainder of this sad tale is soon told. He who had once been an Odd-Fellow, but had neglected his duty and become careless of the privileges he might have enjoyed in weal or wo, had been indeed accidentally found by a stranger,

whom, at one time, he could have called brother ; but that stranger found him too late. He had neglected his Lodge ; destitution, and despair, and misery overtook him, and he died in penury and want.

Yet the benevolent stranger did not neglect the remains of the unhappy man. He caused them to be decently and respectably conveyed to their last resting-place ; and, after this sad duty was performed, procured means from the Brotherhood to send the widow and her children home to her friends. Poor Mrs. Seaton, though she deeply mourned the loss of her beloved husband, never forgot the kindness which she had received from the Odd-Fellows, who had proved her friends when friends were so much needed ; and her children, as they grew up around her, were carefully taught to honor that Fraternity which she herself had so great cause to respect.

August, 1843.

AN ODD-FELLOW'S SKETCH.

"NAY, nay! you must not go to-night," said a lady to her husband one evening, as he was about to leave her to attend to the duties of his office in a Lodge of Odd-Fellows to which he belonged; "there is no need that you should attend so punctually. These Odd-Fellows, I am sure, will never do you any good; but, on the contrary, they will get all they can from you, and then discard you. Do, now, leave them, for my sake."

"Not so, my dear," replied the husband; "I cannot listen to you, when you ask of me such a sacrifice as this. You are wrong in your impressions of this Society; be assured, you are wrong. These brethren, in whom you have so little confidence, will not forsake me, I am certain; and the time may yet come when both you and I shall require their aid."

As he concluded he advanced towards the door, while the mistaken but really affectionate wife smilingly shook her head, and allowed him to depart without further remark. Often afterward she strove to dissuade him from attending

any longer to his Lodge, but without success; and finally seeing that her efforts would not avail, she prudently concluded to drop the subject, and say nothing further about it.

Years rolled by, and the gentleman, of whom mention has here been made, was still attached to his Lodge, while the lady was still opposed to it. But the time came at length when a sudden reverse of fortune swept away their earthly all, and grief and poverty so preyed on the husband's health that he was stretched on a bed of sickness, destitute and friendless. "Now," thought the afflicted partner of his sorrows, "we are indeed wretched: who will give us aid in this hour of adversity?" As this inquiry arose in her mind, a knock was heard at the door, and, on answering it, two strangers entered and inquired for the sick man. She conducted them to his chamber. They spoke words of comfort to his desponding spirit, and gave him money to supply his wants.

"Who are these gentlemen, that have so opportunely come to our relief?" asked the lady, when they had departed.

"My dear," answered the husband, smiling to see the tears that had started to her eyes, "these are my brother Odd-Fellows. You see that they have scarcely heard of our distress before they hasten to relieve it."

The husband was for weeks confined to his couch of pain; and while his Lodge furnished

the means of subsistence, night after night did his brothers watch by his side, and do all they could to alleviate his sufferings. In time, he recovered from his illness ; but his brethren did not then forsake him. Through their aid he was reinstated in his business, in which, by perseverance and industry, he succeeded so well that, in a few years, he recovered his former position, and was again blessed with competence.

The reader need not be told that the good wife was now deeply sensible of the injustice she had done these excellent friends ; nor need we assure him that she remained, to the end of her days, a firm and uncompromising defender of Odd-Fellowship.

P. D.

New York, September, 1843.



A. Fisher.

J. Andrews

THE SHADOW

SHADOW.

SHADOW ! shadow !—Life, I say,
Is a shadow all the way.
If you doubt me, hearken now,
Let me tell you why and how.
Shadow infant,—shadow man,—
Show me substance if you can.
Twist and turn it as you may,
Life's a shadow all the way !

Boy, and shadow on the wall—
What a picture of us all !
Bright or gloomy, well or ill,
Rock and shadow frowning still,
Laughing, crying, sigh or song,
Bugbears all the way along :
Duty, pleasure, work or play,
“There's a lion in the way !”

Infancy assumes a smile,—
Only shadow all the while !
While we ask if it be truth,
Childhood verges into youth !—
Youth, the time of books and school ;
Dreadful shadow !—dreading fool !—
Horrid lessons, hard to say,—
Horrid shadow in the way !

Cupid slyly slips a dart,
Shoots a shadow to the heart !
Ah ! how dismal, ah ! how dear,
Is the image lurking here !
Cannot come, nor stay, nor go,
Some sweet shadow haunting so !
Stern as winter, mild as May,
Neither scared nor coaxed away.

Shadow all the married life :
Every swain will have a wife,—
Every maiden will be wed,
“ Hit the nail upon the head,”
Sure of happiness complete !—
What a shadow,—what deceit !
When the fatal knot is tied,
Shadow, husband ! shadow, bride !

Folly urges, fashion drives
Mortal men their mortal lives ;
E'er so gay or e'er so grand,
Shadow ! and a rope of sand !
Unsubstantial at the best,
Cannot bear affliction's test.
Twist and turn it as you may,
Life's a shadow all the way.

R. H.

New York, August, 1843.

ODD-FELLOWS' RELIGION.

THE question is sometimes asked, what is the faith, or code of morals of the Odd-Fellows? Gathered from all sects in Christendom, and from every nation under the heavens, it is deemed no easy enigma to tell what religion they profess and practice. It must be allowed that we speak in a conventional and an accommodated sense, when we intimate that there are several *kinds* of religion; for in our humble view there is but one grand standard, one spirit, one test, by which to try all forms and formulas of religion, and that is LOVE.

“Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.”

It seems to be to some an anomaly in the moral world, that a Society scattered over the wide world, and embracing all religious opinions that have ever been entertained since the days of the Genevan Reformer, should be kept together in harmony and peace. It is a matter of wonder

that this homogeneous mass has not long ago dissolved like a bubble in the wind, that oblivion has not swept it away, or that it has not perished in its own latent corruption. Who does not know that the "Baptist" church has its creed and its ordeal, to which its members must yield a congenial spirit and an implicit concurrence? An important deviation in faith alone, to say nothing of the moral turpitude of wicked actions, makes one obnoxious to expulsion. This is the fact, generally, with professed Christian sects. Who does not know that a Presbyterian would disdain to sit at "the communion table" with a Universalist, merely on the ground of *opinion*, if there was no other tangible or known objection? Would a "Methodist" call one of the "world's people" *brother*, in any technical or religious sense? No, assuredly not, though he might be a good neighbor, a charitable and an honest man. He would be classed under the generic term of "Morality," but he would be considered as destitute of "Religion!" What is there, then, that makes this difference? How can sectarians of all denominations meet at the same altar, engage with concord and united zeal in the same holy cause, and find a reciprocal and mutual flame of affection, and feel the strengthening tie of love in the endearing name of BROTHER? In all this motley mixture of jarring and discordant opinions that are held

by Odd-Fellows, while one considers it (speaking religiously) a damnable sin to deny the doctrine of "the Trinity," and another a device of the devil to doubt the eternity of the divine punishments, there is a mollient, assuasive, redeeming something that, unlike all other Societies, keeps sectarists and bigots, heretics and worldlings, in a bond of union, and agreement, and a uniformity of action,

"Which stretches its floating banners o'er the seas,
And makes mankind one empire."

—We do not say it is a better religion than that which is professed and practised by other Societies; we do not design to make invidious comparisons, nor say a word derogatory to the Christian character; but while religious Societies are rent asunder by divisions and different opinions, while "the church" is jealous of her authority, and distrustful of every standard and test, or innovation thought to be opposed to her canons, and her high behests; while there is a spirit abroad which would restrict and limit religion, with its hopes and joys and prospects,

"To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside;"

Odd-Fellowship recognises a religion, not based on opinionated feelings or articles of faith, but on actual and experimental deeds of charity

and benevolence. The religion which it cherishes, and which it designs to make the rule of its morality, is "to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep unspotted from the world." It does not denounce one as a heretic who believes too much, nor does it "deal damnation round the land on each it judges a foe" because he believes *too little*. "By their fruits shall ye know them," is the touchstone by which it judges of religious merit or demerit. The religion of Odd-Fellows, instead of engendering acrimonious controversies respecting the certain credentials and the sure marks of religious character, or leading to sharp contentions about points of doctrine, teaches men to "deal justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." In conformity with the example of Christ, it points man to the lily of the field, the fowls of the air, the refreshing showers, the golden sun, "centre of light and energy," and to the sparkling stars. Instead of quarrelling about the Trinity or the Unity of Jehovah, Odd-Fellows look abroad over the ample page of nature, and are satisfied with those gentle whisperings which tell of the divine benevolence from hill and dale, forest and mountain-top; which speak of love and good-will eternal, in the busy hum of bees, the morning song of birds, the foaming cataract, the leaping rivulet, and the deep-toned thunder. They respond to the idea of the poet

"And yet, was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice
E'en in the depths of solitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the choir celestial Thee resound,
The eternal cause, support, and end of all!"

Our "signs and tokens" pre-eminently set forth
the great truth, "to us there is but one God,
even the Father," the author of our life and its
blessings,

"Who is ever present, ever felt
In the void waste as in the city full."

While our religion acknowledges that "life
and immortality are brought to light in the
gospel," and that the Scriptures are the perfect
rule of duty, it does not present that portion of
the human family who are destitute of divine
revelation as destitute also of all knowledge
and the evidences of the Divinity. It is a reflec-
tion on the Deity himself, and a sorry represen-
tation of human nature, to suppose that God is
not adored, and there is no acceptable faith and
worship, where the Scriptures have not been re-
ceived. The Creator has not left himself with-
out a witness in any region under the heavens
in which man dwells.

"Lo the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind"

Has he no ideas of a superior power whom we call God? Does he not pay his devotions, and place his hopes near the throne of "the Great Spirit?" Has he no rule of conduct, nothing to awaken his sympathies and his love? Yes, verily. The mighty cataract in its resistless sweep, that feels no more the strength of his brawny arm and his fleet canoe than it does a feather on its swelling bosom; the bolt of heaven that shivers to atoms the venerable oak under which he pointed his arrows or smoked the pipe of peace; the desolating hail that cuts down his corn before it has reached the time of harvest;—these, and

"The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
The avalanche, the thunder-bolt of snow,"

teach him THERE IS A GOD. He bows and submits to a Power above him; and tell us not, oh ye who would limit the Holy One of Israel, and confine the heart's solemn worship to a few favorites, that the God of heaven is not worshipped acceptably in a place where he plants his own footsteps, and in which his hand has placed the tokens of his power and goodness.—Nor are we to suppose that his morality is of a low and base order. "Brother," said Red Jacket, a chief of one of the Indian tribes, to a missionary sent to convert them, "we understand that your

religion is written in a Book. If it was intended for us, as well as for you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us and to our forefathers, as well as the knowledge to understand this Book? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people? Brother, you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it?—Why not all agree, as you can all read this Book? We also have a religion which was given to our forefathers, and was handed down to their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united.—We never quarrel about religion. The Great Spirit does right; he knows what is best for his children. We are satisfied. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has on the white men. If we find it does *them* good, makes *them* honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.” Now the self-same spirit that would hurl these poor Indians to interminable perdition, because they have not heard of Christ and the way of salvation, also utters its anathema against Odd-Fellowship. It would have the world believe that its members have no religion; that to every Christian feeling and

work they are reprobate and recreant. In the language of a recent writer, "they are an heterogeneous assemblage of infidels and pseudo-Christians, some of whom have never been worthy to become members of the church, and the rest have been dragged from her bosom by the devil." We shall find such calumniators meriting the cutting rebuke of Red Jacket; they will "quarrel about religion," they will write for it, and fight for it, but seem to care little about *living* for it, and being governed by its mild and beneficent principles. The religion of Odd-Fellows, instead of denouncing all who may differ from them, allows each one to think for himself. Their motto is,

"Lord of himself, accountable to none,
But to his conscience and his God alone."

Our religion does not decry reason, as the dangerous and fearful guide of man; it has no sympathy with the mistaken sentiment, "where reason begins, religion ends." It courts the test of reason, and glories in it. A religion which declaims against reason, and regards it as the treacherous guide of rational beings, as a thing to be despised, and not to be trusted, is neither the religion of nature nor of God. He speaks to us in his word, saying, "Come, now, and let us reason together;" and his apostle, sent to preach the gospel, "reasoned with the

people three Sabbath-days out of the Scriptures." How shall men know the nature and qualities of things in the arcana of nature, if they do not use their reason? The religion which Odd-Fellowship practises is confirmed and demonstrated by reason; it invites the free unconstrained exercise of it in all that appertains to God, to human duty, and human destiny.

Odd-Fellows' religion insists on the exercise of that broad and diffusive charity "which thinketh no evil, which suffereth long and is kind, which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;" which is not restricted to a few of the same sect, of the same opinions, and the same compact; but it breathes the spirit of good-will and kindness to universal humanity. It has no torturing racks for "dissenters," no fagot piles for "heretics," no licensed murderers to blast and to burn those who refuse to bow at the altar of a dominant sect. It seeks rather to build up a beautiful edifice in the midst of the towering walls of error and superstition, that *these* may crumble of themselves, and *that* be resorted to by the nations without the aid of coercion, violence, and blood. If it cannot persuade by the winning accents of truth and love, it knows all other means must fail. It teaches us to restrain every passion which, if allowed to rule, would lead to excess and disgrace; it requires us to be social, benevolent, and humane; "to live peace-

ably with all men ;" to be just, industrious, and obedient to the laws of our country ; to be good husbands, good fathers, good citizens, and in "all things to do unto our fellow-men as we would that they should do unto us." It stands ready with the wreath of Peace in one hand, to crown its votaries, and in the other the uplifted scourge of Guilt, Remorse, and Wo, for those who depart from its paths. The trophies of its piety are not a few "tythes of mint, anise, and cummin," not a few hollow-hearted prayers "at the corners of the streets;" but benevolent, generous deeds, which speak of the wanderer reclaimed, the sick and the distressed relieved and comforted, the widow's tears dried, and the orphan protected, make up the religion which is the joy and the boast of every good Odd-Fellow.

Once more, the religion of Odd-Fellows is not an ostentatious religion. It neither seeks to commend itself by a pompous array of long-established and venerable doctrines, or by promulgating its good deeds.

"Who builds a church to God and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name."

"Pure religion and undefiled" is humble and unassuming : like the calm and noiseless stream as it gently flows along its wonted channels, enriching and fertilizing its banks, it needs no her-

ald to proclaim its beauties and trumpet its excellence; they will live, and live forever, in the heart of those who feel and know the unceasing influence of meekness, gentleness, and love. He who boasted that he fasted so much oftener than his neighbors, and gave "tythes of all that he possessed," was not so good in the sight of him who "knew all men" as the guilty and conscience-smitten sinner. Odd-Fellowship is not emulous, and we hope it never may be, to gain the admiration and praise of mankind for its high-sounding and superior piety. Rather let its beneficent works declare its eulogy, and let it "keep on the even tenor of its way," alike free from the paroxysms of sudden and intoxicating excitement, and blighting, wasting decline.

Brothers! WHAT IS OUR RELIGION? Answer, ye faithful ones whose obligations rise up like the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night, *ye shall aid your distressed brothers, the poor and the unfortunate*; ye shall outdo the Priest and the Levite, and follow in the steps of the good Samaritan. Answer, ye restless, sick, disheartened ones, as ye wait the expected coming of your brothers to watch with you amid the sleepless stars. Answer me, ye silent graves, where bloom the first spring blossoms, planted by the hand of "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."

Answer, ye immortal band who have joined the celestial Lodge, and tell us if there be a better religion than that of doing good to our fellow-men. Ye shades of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, what would ye give for the sweet odors wafted from the tombs of the virtuous, the benevolent, and the good, to embalm your blood-stained garments! Oh! my brethren, we must answer this question before the tribunal of conscience and of God! The world will behold and acknowledge our religion; we shall be true and faithful to our vows, only as we practise the heavenly virtues, Benevolence, Friendship, Justice, and Love.—Gird on this incomparable armor, and go forth in “the name of the Lord of Hosts,” and the standard of success and victory shall be reared high as heaven, unscathed as the palladium of Truth and Virtue, while

“The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the Eternal Throne!”

B. B. H.

New York, August, 1843.

THE WORLD AS IT WAS, AS IT HAS BEEN,
AND AS IT IS.

BY REV. B. B. HALLOCK.

"WERE a man to find a watch," says the logical and acute Dr. Paley, "he would naturally and almost instinctively conclude that there was contrivance displayed in the making of it; and contrivance supposes a contriver. Hence the vast universe, with its innumerable monuments of design, the world, with its numberless evidences of skill, shows a designer; it was made by Him who is 'the great Source of light, and life, and all.' " We are informed that for the "good pleasure of God all things are and were created," and an apostle speaks of all the good pleasure of his goodness. We know but little, it is true, of the incomprehensible Jehovah, "the invisible in things scarce seen revealed;" we pretend not to know or describe the emotions and feelings of the infinite Mind; yet may we not indulge the thought that when he saw the products of his wonder-working power, when the bounteous creation came new-born from his plastic

hand, when he pronounced all "VERY GOOD," a holy and ineffable delight arose in the mind of God? We must form our conceptions of the eternal Architect, by comparison, by analogy, by the emotions of our own spirits, which are sparks, so to speak, from "the Father of lights;" and when we have performed a noble, generous act of goodness, when the consummation of some benevolent plan meets our expectations, when the skilful artisan has constructed some admirable specimen of finished art that meets his most sanguine desires, there is a rapturous joy in the idea, "Behold it is very good." Archimides, rushing from the bath almost frantic with joy, at the discovery of a new principle in philosophy, Paul's inexpressible pleasure in prospect of a "crown of righteousness," for having kept the faith," and Washington giving up the ghost in the midst of a peace that the world can neither give nor take away, may suffice as examples of the principle here alluded to. We may conceive then of a faint approximation at least to that immaculate joy of the blessed Creator, as he looked with approbation on a finished world.—The good man finds happiness almost indescribable in deeds of mercy and goodness. Love is the name and essence of the Deity; benignity and mercy are his happiness. He made the heavens and the earth in his goodness; then came the light, the evening and the morning, from the

same benignant hand ; then came the dry land ; the mighty waters were set their everlasting boundary ; the lesser light to rule the night, and the twinkling stars also ; "and God saw *every thing* that he had made, and behold it was *very good*." This then was the *pleasure* of God ; he saw the exhaustless sources that were opened to sustain life, administer pleasure, and bestow happiness ; he saw the operations of an infinite and bountiful Maker,

" Who, not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wondering sense,
Had made all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear ;"

he saw that where before had been huge chaos, there now sprang into being countless orbs resplendent with light, wheeling in their appointed circuit ; he saw the fresh green earth, new from the hand of Omnipotence, sparkling in the beams of the celestial mirror, clothed with verdure, refreshed with the mountain-rills, and blooming in all the fragrance of creation's morning, just set out on its revolving and everlasting journey. High in the untraversed regions of limitless space hung the nearest emblem of him "in whom is *no darkness* at all,"

" Ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
Soul of surrounding worlds !"

Not a cloud had as yet blackened the azure sky ; no lightning bolt had gleamed in the heavens ; not a leaf had fallen from the new-made trees ; not a flower had perished on its stem ; no tempest came with its roar and its death-tramp to sadden the young creation ; no blushing fruits had decayed on the boughs where they came when God commanded. Huge creatures of gigantic power and of surpassing beauty and symmetry, whose species are now extinct, and whose existence can only be traced by the bones dug from the earth, or found on the oozy beds of lakes and rivers, came forth amid the rich profusion of the new world, rejoicing with the life just given them from the breath of the Creator. The tiny beetle plodded his dusty way among the moving mountains of life and feeling that he saw towering above him, the air and the waters teemed with joyful beings, happy because they lived. No pestilence had then gone up from the fair face of the earth ; the cold hand of death had not marred a single thing ; all was beauty, and order, and bliss ; the flowers bloomed, the beasts sported in the green luxuriant fields uncontrolled, the birds sang as sweetly as though they could never die. But as yet there was not a man to till the ground ; no visible form endowed with rational faculties ; no created being,

“ With unremitted labor to pursue
The sacred stores that wait the ripening soul
In truth's exhaustless bosom.”

Had the Almighty ended the creation with the formation of the inanimate and the merely animal, his eye could not have lingered on the fair and beautiful world with the same pleasure as it did after he had made man in his own image, —*man*, the last crowning workmanship, —*man*, capable of holding communion with his Maker, and of sharing in that unspeakable felicity which God knows and enjoys.

In the sunny bowers of Eden there stood, in form erect, and in beauty like an angel, the child of God! There He gazed on the noblest creature of his power; there, close by the tree of life, by the flowing stream of the four rivers of Paradise, stood the first innocent pair; there was the first wedding—"angels were the witnesses, and God the priest!" "And God saw every thing that he had made; and behold, it was *very good*."

Such then is the world as it once was: no Christian thirsted for gold; no stain of blood and violence polluted its garments; no implements of slaughter bristled among its untainted fields; the fair moon had not yet looked down on midnight murders, the stars had not shuddered at the ruins of sin and crime. We will not stop to "break a lance" with the controvertist who tells us that God never designed there should be any sin, and misery, and death, in this magnificent creation; nor yet with him who tells us that the

leopard and the vulture, the tiger and the kite, would have fed on something else, and the lion would have eaten straw like the ox, and been as peaceful as the sheep, if *man had not sinned!* Leaving polemical disquisition out of the question, it is enough for our present purpose to know that "sin entered into the world, and death by sin;" that the despoiler is abroad; that the once green and spotless and peaceful earth has been polluted with sin; that it has become the mighty vault for all that live; that groans, and tears, and misery, like a scathing fire-ball, have passed over it, and scarcely a vestige is left to "tell what it once hath been."

Well, men began to multiply and replenish the face of the earth; they must have food and clothing, and these must be sought for and obtained by labor; they had to learn the uses and qualities of things by actual experiment and observation; they were ignorant even of the nature and use of fire in the first ages of the world, a circumstance which greatly retarded their improvement in the mechanic arts. According to De Gouget, the inhabitants of the Ladrone Islands, when they were discovered in 1521, "*had no idea of fire.*" Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it, on the descent of Magellan on one of their islands. At first they believed it to be a kind of animal that fixed itself to and fed upon wood. Some of them who ap-

proached near being burned, the rest were greatly terrified, and only dared look upon it at a distance." Tilling the ground and keeping flocks were, no doubt, the chief occupations of men for several centuries from the creation; and whatever effect the sin of our first parents may have had in bringing "death into the world and all our wo," it is evident that the imperious demands for food and raiment were the impelling causes that led to the pursuit of these occupations. *Want* presented an inducement to labor, hunger hewed out the rude plough, dug up the earth, selected the most palatable and nutritious plants and roots, and made man struggle against the thorns and thistles, that those might grow more abundantly. To be preserved from cold and nakedness his flocks must be nurtured, for their skins were needful for clothing and a covering for his tents.

We are not to suppose that men in this semi-barbarous age of the world were destitute of the means of moral cultivation and improvement. "There is no era," says Alison, "so barbarous in which man has existed, in which the traces are not to be seen of the alliance which he has felt between earth and heaven, or of the conviction he has acquired of the mind that created nature, by the signs which it exhibits; and amid the wildest, as amid the most genial scenes of an uncultivated world, the rude altar of the savage

everywhere marks the emotions that swelled in his bosom when he erected it to the awful or the beneficent deities whose imaginary presence it records." Who can doubt that our primeval fathers, watching their flocks by night, and penetrating the untrodden recesses of the forests, and living on the spontaneous and luscious fruits of the earth, were enabled

"To see the present God in nature's wild
And savage features; in the untrodden height,
The beetling precipice, the deep cold glen,
The roar of waters, and the gloom of groves?"

Nor are we to suppose that during the first twelve or fourteen centuries subsequent to the creation men were so ignorant of mechanism and the physical organization of the earth, as to be destitute of utensils for farming, hunting, fishing, and self-defence; for one of Cain's descendants, Tubal Cain, long before the death of Adam, was "an instructor of every artificer in *brass* and *iron*." Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, however, copper was used for the purposes for which iron is employed at the present day. Homer makes frequent mention of the use of copper; and the fact will not be questioned by any acquainted with ancient history that this metal was used nearly exclusively for several ages. Rude and uncouth, then, as their implements may have been for the purpose of

husbandry, building, &c., we see that the thorns and thistles which infested the ground, the voracious beasts that howled to destroy, the tempestuous storms that swept through the mountains, and the rains that flooded the valleys, called man forth to active, busy toil, to invention, perseverance, and labor. Say that God did not design "the fall of Adam," if you please, yet he *did* design that man should sweat, and toil, and think, to obtain a subsistence; if not, why do not the volcanoes forge out iron ploughs, or become huge brass-foundries? why does not the earth yield "quails, and manna, and bread, to the full," that we may have nothing to do but "eat, and drink, and sleep, and then to eat, and drink, and sleep again?" No, no. The world has been the great theatre of intellectual and moral development, the scene of persevering, unremitting exertion; want has impelled to industry, disease and pain have awakened a vigilant spirit of inquiry; the terrifying thunder itself has aroused the dormant energies of invention and ingenuity, and death has been a monitory voice, saying, "Work! work while it is yet day!"—Whatever the world *was*, then, when it came fresh from the plastic hand of God, whether it was designed for the immortal home of the spirit that is in man, or not, whether it was cursed, and seared, and blighted by sin, or not, it has been the birthplace, and nursery, and

school of mortals: here the opening bud of the soul has expanded into perennial bloom; here has mind unfolded its astonishing energies and faculties; here have been life's dreams, and joys, and sorrows; here

“Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill,
And the hush'd billows roll across his grave.”

When the human family became possessed of the means of subsistence and a language by which they could hold communion with each other, and as those of the same family separated and sought new and distant regions, the idea of preserving the thoughts and events of the past suggested itself, and this was to be done by *writing*, by hieroglyphics, and signs. Hence monumental piles were reared, symbolical structures were erected, and even rude heaps of stones were thrown together, to mark some consecrated spot, record some memorable event, or seal a treaty between individuals and tribes. Even as late as the landing of the Spaniards among the ancient Mexicans, their king Montezuma was apprised of the transaction by means of a linen cloth elevated on a pole, on which were painted some significant pictures. It should not be thought a prodigy, therefore, that “the Odd-Fellows” have signs and tokens, by which they can convey to each other ideas of things, occurrences, &c.; nor should it be deemed a new-fan-

gled, unintelligible jargon of an "odd" compact, that there are well-known and significant emblems and words harmlessly employed among them. In the first ages of the world this custom was practised, and it claims a venerable antiquity. The twelve stones which Joshua took from the river Jordan "and heaped together for a memorial and a sign," the brazen serpent that Moses lifted up in the wilderness, had a meaning; they were the tokens or memorials of remarkable events. There are visible monuments, mounds of earth, and colossal pillars, in almost every ancient country, which, like the "Arundelian marbles," and the "chronicle of Paros," stand as well-known signs of what has occurred; which speak to posterity more than volumes could unfold. Could one stand on the immortalized Thermopylæ, and see that humble pedestal, he would need no labored inscription to inform him of its import. Visit the silent graveyard, and linger among the trophies of the "king of terrors." Need you carry with you some finished elegy or a studied dissertation penned by the hand of a master? No; every green hillock before you would be for a "sign" to tell of bitter tears, sundered ties of love, prostrated hopes, desolate homes, disconsolate widows and orphans, and untimely deaths! Daniel Webster, the king of orators, in his oration at the late celebration held in Boston at the completion of the

Bunker-hill monument, said, "Bunker-hill monument is complete! here it stands! behold it, ye three hundred thousand here assembled; behold it as it stands above land and sea! It has a purpose which gives it dignity, enrobes it in moral grandeur, and gives to it the attributes of an august, intellectual personage. It is the great orator of the occasion; it is not for mortal lips to speak its object: the impotent speaker stands motionless before it!" What is that splendid pile but a sign and token of what was done by struggling veteran patriots—what future generations will know, and ponder on, and tell to their children, long as the sun smiles upon it, and the dews of heaven shall moisten it? While there are such emblems of art, while there are so many silent monitors in nature—in the dying plants, the withering flowers, the falling leaves, and the crumbling mountain, and the uptorn oak that has wrestled with a thousand whirlwinds and at last lies prostrate—while all these speak with a power where words would be as baubles, can you wonder that there should be "signs and tokens" that have an object and a meaning, and which are peculiar to Odd-Fellows? Persons moved by prejudice or ignorance may ridicule the "crooking of a finger," and smile contemptuously at the "secret grips and the twirling of the hand," if they please; but do they not know that the magnificent bow in the heavens of cerulean

blue was bended and hung up there as the "*sign*" of an everlasting covenant? do they not know that the simple rite of circumcision was a "*token*" of an indissoluble union between two parties? do they not know that the prophets, as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, foretold that the ushering in of the Christian system would be attended with "*signs*" and "*wonders*?" do they not know that the Jews of our Saviour's time, and his chosen disciples, asked for the "*signs*" and *tokens* of the approaching kingdom? do they not know that the heavens over our heads are studded with emblems of the power, and majesty, and goodness of God? that "*signs and tokens*" of creative energy, illimitable benignity, and infinite wisdom, "the great Original proclaim," in a voice more commanding and potent than the trumpet-tongue of eloquence or the soft breathings of poetry? Away then with that execrating spirit which mocks at our "*signs, and tokens, and grips,*" as though there were nothing in the past, nothing in the heavens above nor the earth beneath, to vindicate their use. When we ask men for the tokens of departed grandeur, for the emblems of their own dissolution, they point us to the crumbling ruins of old cities and castles, to shattered battlements and to moss-covered graves. And do we seek for signs to teach us "*the hand that made us is divine?*" "*There,*" say they,

“ ‘The softly warbled song
Comes through the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Are glancing in the golden sun along
The forest openings.’ ”

Need it be thought marvellous, then, or reprehensible, that benevolent institutions have set their emblems on “the painted landscape,” woven their signs on floating banners, and enshrined them about the altars of inviolate secrecy and fidelity ?

But we are digressing. From what has been said we may conclude the world was once unscathed by sin and death ; no ruthless hand had stained its soil with human blood ; death was unknown ; and no demons stalked abroad among the ruins and desolations of injured and suffering humanity ! It has been an *inventive*, a *progressive*, an *improving* world. Cities, swarming with life and bustling in business, have arisen where once the dense forest waved its foliage and the red man twanged his bow-string and built his wigwam. Ages ago, there stood a beetling cliff by the side of the great waters ; unlettered and humble fishermen dried their nets beneath its shadow, and on its dizzy peak the bald eagle reared her young. Now the tall ships, laden with the luxuries of other climes, pour their treasures there ; it is level with the earth, and a mighty mart stands on the spot ! The wild woods, long the solitary and unmolested home of

the prowling wolf and the vulture, have been trenched by canals, or they resound with buzzing locomotives! The marshy, noisome glen, where the frog croaked his plaintive lullaby, and the reptile crawled to his oozy bed, is now the site of a splendid mansion or some turreted model of architectural skill and workmanship! Moses wrote the divine commandments on tables of stone; Solon wrote his memorable laws on tablets of wood; the bark of trees, plates of brass, &c., have been used, on which to write or inscribe historical facts and striking events. Now one of our printing presses can send out, on smooth fine paper, in a day as much as would require a hundred ancient scribes to write in a year! In ancient days the wary and timid mariner ventured not in his tiny ship far beyond the "friendly coast;" his eye must rest on the land of his fathers while he reached the utmost limits of his voyage. Now the fearless seaman launches forth into the "vasty deep," and leaves the land to mock the stretch of human vision, and ventures

"To ride upon the waves, and catch the breeze,
And dare the threat'ning storm, and trace a path
'Mid countless dangers to the destin'd port,
Unerringly secure."

Time was when the lurid trail of a comet spread
dread consternation through the land, and every

heart was big with horror, and every imagination filled with dire portents ;

“Strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events,
New hatch'd to the woful time.”

—Now men have learned, from the developments of science and the exercise of an enlightened understanding, that the Allwise has not left these “parts of the stupendous whole” to run lawless through the mighty expanse, and that there is no more to fear from a comet than from the change of the moon !

But let us briefly look at the WORLD AS IT IS. This is a beautiful and a happy world. Say what you will of its fallen condition, its clouds, and storms, and woes—whatever fearful and tremendous import you may give to the denunciation, “Cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life,” &c., it is a happy, a delightful world ! This world “is not all a fleeting show.” “Were an inhabitant,” says Dr. Dwight, “of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery to the midst of an Arabian desert, a boundless expanse of sand, a waste spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream, and cheered by the beauty of no verdure, although he might live in a palace, and riot in

splendor and luxury, he would find life a dull, weary, melancholy round of existence, and amidst all his gratifications would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native land, the brooks and rivers, the living lustre of the spring, and the rich glories of the autumn. This beauty and splendor of the objects around us, let it ever be remembered, are not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is, therefore, to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves; and in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness, peculiarly affecting." The God of nature has filled the woodlands, the groves, and the valleys, with a symphony of sweet and joyous sounds! The very scream of the wild-bird is made harmonious by the gay notes of some melodious songster, or by the consideration that this very scream is but an expression of joy. You cannot look or listen among the rich profusion of God's creation, without hearing the dulcet sounds of music. It has well been said by an elegant writer, "If man is the lord of creation, he is the lord of *happy* creatures." Who strung the chords of music that vibrate in such melody in nature? who gave voice and activity to the leaping rill among the mountain rocks? who has made concerts of praise in the woods and the dales? who has placed a choir of happy

singers in every grove, and painted the earth a beautiful green? who, from yonder heavens, sends down the crystal streams of fresh water to gladden man and beast, and make our mother earth pour forth, in such rich profusion, the gay flowers and the luscious fruits? who has breathed upon this boundless expanse, and lo! life appears—life in the little beetle that we tread upon, life in the huge elephant that tears up the oak, life in man the image of God,—life for what and to whom? Why, the good and bountiful Creator has bestowed life that he might bestow happiness and declare his immortal goodness! Go with us among the first spring blossoms, and there is not merely beauty to regale the eye and please the senses of intellectual and sentient beings, but there are creatures revelling in joy, and they are happy because they live; animated, living beings, that feel pleasure in the air they breathe and the food that they receive from the divine beneficence. From the smooth and quiet plain to the rugged hill-top and the cragged mountain-peak, there are humming and busy notes of gladness and song. Insects, on new and feeble wing, mount into the air, rejoicing that they are alive; the very rocks are singing praise to creative goodness; the sparkling rivulets abound with happy creatures; the lawns and the woods are alive with joyful beings; and the microscopic philosopher will tell you that every

drop of water, yea, every morsel of our daily food, teems with life and joy—little beings gambolling and sporting, if not as lustily, yet as joyfully as the lamb on his flowery mead, or the wild-goat in his mountain-home!

Can you be moved by *eloquence*? then listen to its voice in nature. Can you be persuaded by *music*? then listen to it among the works of Jehovah. Can you be moved by *silence*? by a still and peaceful calmness, where no tongues are tuned, and no voices are heard? you may find such retreats in the wide domain of nature's handiwork. And can one call himself an ATHEIST in the midst of this magnificence? Oh!

"I'd rather be the wretch that scrawls
Its idiot nonsense on the walls,
The gallant bark of reason wreck'd,
A poor quench'd ray of intellect,
With slabber'd chin and rayless eye,
And mind of mere inanity,
Nor quite a man, nor quite a brute,"

than to cry out, surrounded by such evidences of the Divinity, CHANCE made them all! But we would not attempt to conceal the fact; this is a *wicked* and a *suffering* world. Is it not so? Ask the creaking dungeon-doors and the clanking chains of jails and prisons. Ask broken-hearted parents and spouses. Ask premature and dishonest graves. Ask the squalid beggar in our streets, and the victim of the lustful and the ac-

cursed seducer. Ask the poor, the oppressed, and the down-trodden of earth. Ask pallid Guilt and the quenchless fires of Remorse. Ask red-handed Murder as it prowls at midnight, while Avarice and Revenge hold the death-torch and the dagger.

Now the question is, and it is involved in no obscurity, In which of the phases of the world, here presented, as it *was*, as it *has been*, or as it *is*, shall the Society of Odd-Fellows develop its principles and perform its duties? and there is but one answer. We must take the world as it is, with all its variety, its joys and sorrows, its goodness and its wickedness. It is ours, my brethren, by concerted action, by persevering and vigilant exertion, by a worthy example, by the exercise of an active and deep-felt benevolence, by immovable fidelity, to break the bands of wickedness, to dry the scalding tear, shed the dews of love and comfort around sick-beds, to do good to suffering humanity, especially to the members of the Fraternity. Whatever may have been the primeval beauty and excellence of the world, whatever the moral and physical condition of man, it is enough to know and feel that there is a great work before us, a work of benevolence, of good-will, and charity. The pang of distress rends the body and the spirit of men with like feelings and emotions with ourselves. The rose is fading, the crown is fallen from the healthy

and the strong, "the fine gold has become dim," the death-knell is tolling! Away, my brothers, to your altars, and catch their inspiration! Embalm them with the sweet incense that rises, like the prayer of the saints, from hearts made grateful by your beneficence. Go forth to your high destiny, the melioration of humanity; plant the sunny and grassy spots in the wilderness; let your light shine on the world's dark gloom, and its golden beams tinge the clouds of misery with hope's radiant and gladsome smile. Be feet to the lame, eyes to the blind, joy and peace to bruised and desponding hearts. Smooth the bed of death, plead the widow's cause, and protect the fatherless and the orphan. Thus shall ye be obedient and operative instruments in the hand of "the God of the spirits of all flesh," in rolling on the eventful and glorious era when the pearly gates of truth, righteousness, and felicity, shall be opened to redeemed humanity, and they shall walk unharmed, sanctified, and saved,

"To the bright palace of the king of day,
And rival angels in the praise of heaven."

New York, August, 1843.

L'AIGLE.

Dedicated to the Members of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.

BY BROTHER GEORGE HATCH.

THROUGH broad fields of ether, unheeding the jar
Of storms or of whirlwinds, he stretches afar ;
Far over the clouds, on his wild, trackless way,
Still upward, he mounts to the bright realms of day.

Careering aloft o'er the storms of the air,
He soareth to regions calm, brilliant, and fair,
Where round him no cloud shall its dark shadow
 throw,
Or night draw her shroud, as on objects below.

Still onward he soars, o'er the wild, snow-crown'd
 height,
Untired by the distance, unblinded by light ;
Unscathed are his pinions by frost or by storm,
While the heart in his bosom beats lively and warm.

Like his be our course, through the world of the
 mind ;
Surmounting each height unrestrain'd, unconfin'd—
Untempted, untrammell'd, let us soar to the skies,
While our bright waving banner unsullied flies.



Le sot. Fin.

J. Andrews Sc.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE BLIND MOTHER.

BY BRO. P. SQUIRES.

MOTHER, loved mother, thou art sightless now !—

Thou canst not gaze,

As once, with rapture on the heavens' deep glow,
Or earth's green beauties ; yet on thy aged brow

A radiance plays,

That seemeth not of earth, whose glory-rays

Give thee a loveliness youth cannot know.

As the ripe fruit in autumn fairer seems

Than when the spring

Puts forth her tender buds, or summer's beams

Smiled on the swelling germ ; so, tho' youth's dreams

No more shall bring

Joy to thy heart, still fairer flowers shall spring

Along the borders of life's failing streams.

Mother, thou'rt weary ; sit thee here and rest

Beneath this tree,

And tell me why that tear-drop, half suppress'd,

That trembles in thine eye : art thou distress'd

That infancy

And youth's unsullied joyousness and glee

No more may be thy bosom's smiling guests ?

Does some sad thought come o'er thee from the tomb,
That gives thee pain,
And overspreads thy furrowed brow with gloom?
Ah! cease those fond regrets; soon—very soon—
Thou'lt live again
In everlasting youthfulness and bloom. .

New-York, August 8, 1843.

TIGER-BIPEDS.

SOME men are cruel in their being ;
Rough in mind and manner, burly sons of strife,
And coarsely wrought of nature's coarsest stuff ;
With them there's nothing delicate in life.
Were life a tree, they'd form the outer bark ;
Were life a wood, they'd be the brier-bush
Or poison-vine. They're human porcupines, and
mark
With scratches all who 'gainst their prickles push.
They've seldom love for any living thing ;
Their hearts are merely big enough to hold
Affection for themselves and for their gold—
Perchance a little for their dog or mother,
Which selfishness hath not had strength to
smother ;—
To all the world beside they live to bite and sting.

Philadelphia, August, 1843.

T. M.

THE ODD-FELLOW'S ORPHANS.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

ORPHANS are ye, ye lovely ones—
Orphans, and yet so bless'd ?
Your brows are tranquil and serene,
As when on Beauty's breast
You lay, the loved of plighted vows,
Breathed in the moon's pale light,
When parents o'er you fondly hung,
And revelled in the sight.

O ! if from happier realms above
Departed spirits look,
How sweet to them the loveliness
Engraven in this book !
How must their glowing hearts expand
With pure, ecstatic bliss,
Wandering amid the spirit-land,
To gaze on scenes like this !—

To see their children's sunny brows
No trace of suffering wear,
Their laughing eyes, sparkling and bright,
Undimm'd by sorrow's tear,
In childhood's pleasing task engaged,
Dressing their flowing hair,

Like little angels side by side,
So beautiful and fair !

O ! early left and early doomed,
And early sought and found,
When all you loved the earth entombed,
An arm embraced you round ;
An arm of holy FELLOWSHIP,
Whereon the weary rest,
Which ever proves in time of need
A refuge for the oppress'd ;

Designed by heaven for hoary age,
For childhood, and for youth,
Whose motto, on the "Offering's" page,
Is Friendship, Love, and Truth.
Smile on, ye little, blessed ones,
Smile in your infant glee ;
No happier moments wait for you
Than those which now you see :

Upon your cherub faces gaze,
As in the glass you meet ;
Wreath the fresh roses round your brows,
So stainless and so sweet ;
When in your artlessness array'd,
Go, with your smiles divine,
And round the neck of him you love
Your fairy arms intwine :

Go, cling to that beloved friend
Whose meed of virtuous praise
Is worthy of a monument
Higher than man can raise :

Forever cling ye, precious ones—
Yea, cling till death you part,—
And may the sigh that rends *his* soul
Be first to wring *your* heart!

Sag Harbor, L. I., August, 1843.

On seeing an engraving of two Orphans dressing their hair for a fête given them by a member of the I. O. O. F., who took them under his care on the death of their parents, the above lines were written.

M. L. G.

THE ODD-FELLOW'S FUNERAL.

BY BROTHER J. W. S. HOWS.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!

BLAIR.

I ATTENDED, a short time since, the funeral of a brother of our Order, who was sincerely respected by those who had shared his intimacy and knew his worth. It was the *first* time that I had witnessed the interment of a member of our Association. Circumstances had created a deep interest in the deceased, and I readily acceded to the wishes of several friends of the departed, to attend his remains to their final resting-place, in the grave-yard of his native village, situated in a retired inland township on Long Island. The impressions received on that occasion will not readily be forgotten; and I place them on record, believing that they may not be unproductive of interest.

Death is at all times an impressive lecturer—frequently an all-powerful one; in the present instance I had found him an instructive one. It

had been my lot to receive the parting breath of our deceased brother, (being one of the watchers on the night of his death.) I had previously conversed with him, at different periods of his sickness, on the solemn topics of death and eternity. He had confided to me his feelings on the all-important truths of our religion ; he had expressed to me his rational and well-grounded hope in the atoning blood of our common Saviour. I had listened to his frequently repeated prayer, that the time would come when his sufferings should end, and "death should be swallowed up in victory." I had witnessed the consummation of his prayers, and saw him, in the final moment of his sufferings—calm, collected, and firmly relying upon the "hope that was in him"—pass, almost without a struggle, to that bourne from which no traveller returns. And as the gray light of morning flickered into that chamber of death, and fell on his pallid and emaciated frame, tranquil and released from all earthly sorrow, I had involuntarily ejaculated the orison, "that my last end might be like his ;" and while mingling the "unbidden tear" with the bereaved widow and orphans, who were hastily summoned to receive his parting breath, I felt, with honest pride, the value of our noble Institution, which would now, in some degree, supply the place, to the widowed wife and fatherless children, of the husband and parent whom they had lost.

With these feelings strongly pressing on my mind, I accompanied the corpse of our brother, on the following day, to the place of interment. The officers of the Lodge to which the deceased had belonged, and several of the members, joined in the mournful ceremony; and it might have been a salutary lesson to the purse-proud or aristocratic worldling, to have witnessed the feeling attention of these plain, honest men, thus leaving their occupations, and incurring, besides, the expense of a journey, simply to pay the last tribute of respect to a member of their Order—*unostentatiously*, yet with a visible sympathy for the bereaved relatives of the deceased, that, to me, at least, was deeply interesting and touching.

On our arrival at the village we were met by the father and brother of the deceased, with other relatives and friends. The coffin was unclosed, to allow these mourners a last look of their departed kinsman; and it was, indeed, a mournful sight, to see that aged father, and the heart-broken widow and her children, clinging, as it were, to the lifeless remains of him they had so dearly cherished in life. In attempting to offer the common-places of consolation to the bereaved parent, I learned that he was not sorrowing as one "without hope," for the blow, although severe, (it was his *first-born son*,) was tempered in its force by the conviction that his son had died a *believer*, which, it appears, he

had not been until his last fatal sickness. "But, oh! sir," said the aged mourner to me, "he has gone to his Father, like the prodigal in the gospel, and I believe that God has graciously heard the prayers of his pious mother, that were so often offered at the throne of grace, for this her first-born and her pride." Yes, a mother's prayers, a mother's love, are indeed all-potent!—How many an erring child can look back with gratitude to the deep abiding love, which mothers alone can feel, which mothers alone can cherish!

It had been arranged that the corpse of our brother should be taken to the village church, where the ceremonies usual on such occasions were to be performed; and at the grave the exercises appointed by our Order were to be read by one of the brothers who had been selected to officiate as chaplain.

The ceremonies in the church were solemn and impressive, and were listened to by the mourners, and a goodly number of the inhabitants attracted on the occasion, with deep and solemn attention. These ended, the sad procession moved towards "that house appointed unto all men." The grave was situated at the extremity of the burying-ground, close to that of the devoted mother, whose prayers had been so efficaciously answered. And touching and instructive was the sight that grave presented. Here, in the

quiet and retirement of the sequestered village, were congregated the active denizens of the busy city, forgetting for a while the cares and toils of their daily avocations, and with deep sympathy watching the last mournful tribute paid to their departed friend and brother. There, too, stood the aged father, his hardy and time-worn features bathed in tears, and looking, with anxious eye, on the sad remains now lowering into their last abiding-place. And there was the widow, her children clustering around her, mingling their loud sobbings with her bitter lamentations. It was a sad scene of human suffering and human ills. And now, in tremulous tones, that found a responsive echo in each heart around that grave, was heard the service appointed by our Order for a deceased brother. The beautiful simplicity and touching pathos of the composition was impressively rendered by the brother who acted as the chaplain. He evidently felt deeply the mournful duty he had undertaken. The tones of his voice sunk into every breast, and many a manly tear, from eyes "albeit unused to the melting mood," attested the deep sympathy the touching ceremony had excited. It was, indeed, a scene for the philanthropist to rejoice in. The solemn stillness of the place—the mournful occasion—the circumstances attending it—all combined to make that impression upon the heart which influences so sacred will pro-

duce, even on the most callous ; and, to use the language of the clergyman who attended on the occasion, "was calculated to elevate OUR ORDER in the minds of even its bitterest opponents."

The ceremonies were closed by the brothers, as usual, depositing their sprigs of evergreen in the grave, and the procession moved in order from the grave-yard ; and I believe there are few who left that solemn scene, but would confess they had received impressions which will often be recurred to with melancholy gratification, when they remember "THE ODD-FELLOW'S FUNERAL."

Albany, August, 1843.

FRIENDS.

A Fragment.

BY SILAS ESTABROOK.

WE are made to suffer with, to sympathize with one another. Sympathy is a law of the universe. It ministers unto bereaved and blessed; and without its strengthening influences, this beautiful world were an ungladdened waste.—Like unto this speaketh the preacher, and I fain would hearken to his words.

Our life is a common pilgrimage, whereon we strive for a purpose. Lift the curtain:—there, brow-worn and flinty-hearted, stands the miser. His eyes are riveted to his purse. He has fulfilled *his* mission, and slakes his thirst with avarice, as doth a she-wolf at a forest spring. Humanity—its ills, its checkered woes, its trials—what are these to him? They are not gold. Near by him is a gentle maiden—smiling, aye, and how lovely! Worshipers are in her train—they bow, as if absorbed in idol-supplication. God hath robed her with beauty and power. Kind friends throng to her presence; she is the beloved of all. Strange contrast!—but this is

LIFE. I may not moralize; the task were a thankless one. You are all familiar with my ideas.

I know not why or how it is, but I am friendless. All my life I have tried to have it otherwise. My heart yearns undyingly for the welfare of my fellow-creatures. I have lavished money to the poor—repaired the fallen fortunes of the world's wronged—lingered by the couch of sickness, and whispered solace to the down-stricken—but all these manifestations of philanthropy have been without avail: I never could make a Friend.

—Heaven hath ordained my deformity, and I move on earth an unshapely thing. I war not with its stern decree; yet wherefore, though deformed, am I accursed among mortals? The race shuns me. Living, I am without life; for that sympathy, which is born of God and vouchsafed to man, is by man withheld from me.—Desolating thought! but the conviction rests upon me like a death-spell, that the bountiful gifts of Providence are only for the beautiful, who are thankless, and appreciate them not.

All the requisites for earthly enjoyment are seemingly within my reach. Wealth—broad lands, with their bubbling fountains and murmuring rivulets—tall trees and sloping valleys—a stately mansion, and bowery haunts for meditation,—these are mine. Autumn is on

them now, the sombre visitant! Soon will the north-wind rustle over them, and Winter robe them with her mantle. Then comes the Spring again! Oh, gentle season!—but thy awakening anthem glads not me. All that I hear—see—feel—tells of Deformity! I am the accursed.

—*Friendless*, said I? I *had* two blessed friends. I have them still. They are mine, though dead.

One, a maidenly woman, (my godmother,) who watched my growing years so tenderly.—She read my future history, and often, often, retired to weep and pray in solitude—for what, I knew not then—I know it now! Full many a lesson did she impress upon my memory, about the world's ingratitude, and things which I did not understand—discoursing, anon, with strange and fervid eloquence, of him—the mangled One—whose footsteps hallowed the sands of Galilee, and who (she said) had suffered an ignominious death for me. Would I could hear her voice again! But she sleeps—she sleeps.

The other—ah! with him, for a little time, I *was* blessed! He was an orphan, and died but lately, at twelve years of age. Meekness and love, gratitude and affection, were ~~the~~ ruling qualities of his mind. A foreboding presentiment lingered around him ever, as an angel-presence, and I felt that my joys were too real and

endearing to be borne. Hourly did my prayers ascend that he might be spared to bless; but burning words came down to me, and thrilled my soul—"Not for thee, mortal; his home is here." In my arms he smiled—and slept. He was no more. Heaven was unjust to snatch him from me thus!—

* * * * Far among the hills, where the plastic hand of the Divinity is stamped on all things—where the wild-deer roams in freedom, and the hymn of nature chants eternally,—where the waters hurry by, and the willows bend in weeping,—sleeps all that was earthly of my two friends. A rude monument, chiselled and shaped with mine own hands, marks the spot. It bears an inscription.

August, 1843.

ENEZ.

A TALE OF MORAVIA.

BY MRS. S. A. LEWIS.

O gracious heaven ! It is, it is Teresa !
I shall reveal myself ? The sudden shock
Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
And joy complete what terror has begun.

COLERIDGE.

I

An aged Hermit from his cell
Went forth one eve along the dell,
Just as the sun adown the west
Was sinking to his rosy rest,
Bright as a gorgeous king, when he
Lies rolled in damask drapery :
His brow was deeply furrowed o'er,
His flowing beard and locks were hoar,
And onward slowly, thoughtfully,
With staff in hand, he walked the lea.
Until he reached a laughing stream,
Where sorrow's mournful-piercing scream
Sudden awoke him from his dream.

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II.

And there, with long, dishevelled hair,
And clasped hands, and moanings wild,
He saw a youthful woman fair
Kneeling beside a lifeless child,
On which a few green leaves were laid,
It from the sultry sun to shade ;
And near it, in the arid sand,
Touched almost by the limpid wave,
Scooped out by her own slender hand,
A little shallow grave.

III.

"Pray, who art thou?" the old man said,
In gentle voice and soothing tone,
"That loudly wailest o'er the dead,
Within this vale, so wild and lone?"

IV.

The mother raised her streaming eyes
Quickly to his, in hushed surprise,
Clasped her pale brow, flung back her hair,
A moment gazed in fixed despair ;
Then, with a shriek that rent the vale,
And echoed back from hill and dale,
Down on the sod she fell like stone,
"Or statue from its base o'erthrown."

V.

The Hermit raised her from the ground,
The water to her brow applied,

Her temples chafed, until he found
That flowed again life's crimson tide :
And as she lay upon his knee,
Her lips yet white, and closed each eye,
"How much thou seem'st like my lost child,
That fled with Olla to the wild !
Those raven locks, those lips, that brow—
O Enez ! seems I see thee now,
As young, as beautiful as when
The chieftain lured thee from this glen :
But long ago I heard thy doom
From one who stopped within my cell—
A hunter's life, a desert tomb,
Were all that he could of thee tell—
And all that I have ever heard
Of thee, my lovely, blithesome bird."
He said, then wiped away each tear
That down his cheeks rolled swiftly, clear,
Implored the mother oft to tell
The wo that had her late befell,
And how she had been here beguiled.

VI.

"I was a Cossack's only child,"
She said, last struggling with her grief,
"Who fled from the far Ukraine wild ;
I loved Moravia's loftiest chief ;
My sire my hand to him denied ;
With him I fled to be his bride,
Among the mountains to abide.
In a green vale our cottage stood,
Upon the border of a wood,

Surrounded by Carpathian hills,
And winding streams, and bounding rills.
It was composed of pine and thatch,
Of wood was made its slender latch ;
For there we never felt a fear,
Since herdsmen, clansmen, mountaineer,
All held my noble chieftain dear.

VII.

Three nights ago, with hurrying tread
And phrensied eye, from hill and glade
My chieftain to his cottage sped,
With blood upon his brow and blade :
I shriek'd—I clung around his neck ;
He strove my fears, my cries to check—
Then drew his glaive, listened for sound
Of foes that there were lingering round.
I heard quick steps—they tried the door—
It oped—fierce clansmen in did pour,
All for the deadly strife arrayed.
I saw the bright, uplifted blade—
My Olla fall—his crimson gore
Trickling along the oaken floor.
I shrieked not—spoke not—'fore my glance
Each hellish clansmen dropped his lance,
And speechless, harmless stood, while I
Snatched up my boy, and passed them by.
Onward o'er hill and vale I flew ;
My course I little recked, or knew,
'Till yesternight upon this bank,
Exhausted with fatigue, I sank.
How long I lay I cannot tell ;

My wo I but remember well—
The tears above my boy I shed,
When I awoke and found him dead.
I could not leave him mouldering here ;
Him on my breast I could not bear :
I thought to watch him until some
To do the sacred rite should come ;
But ere the sun reached the mid-sky
The hungry raven hovered nigh,
Eager to snatch from me his prey.
The burial I could not delay—
The mould-spot on his tender cheek
Bade me a grave for him to seek ;
And with my trembling, faltering hand,
I made a grave down in the sand"—
The hermit could no more resist,
He clasped his daughter to his breast,
And shrieked, " My own, my long-lost child,
The chieftain from my arms beguiled !"

Troy, New York, August, 1843.

THE TWO PROCESSIONS.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

ALONG the city's proudest street
I heard the tread of many feet ;
' Neath velvet pall and waving plume,
They bore a mortal to the tomb.

Oh, 'twas a grand and proud array,
And haughty mourners led the way ;
Their scarfs in fashion's style were trimm'd,
Their eyes with tears were all undimm'd.

I sigh'd, and o'er my bosom came
A sad and sickening pang of shame ;
And I had wept, had not mine eye
Found cause for worthier sympathy.

For, as I turn'd my feet aside,
And through a nameless alley hied,
Slow issuing from an humble shed,
I saw the poor bring forth their dead.

The widow and her orphans twain
Outpour'd their sad and piteous strain :
Of husband and of father 'reft,
What had such hapless mourners left ?

A moment—and the hearse was gone,
They, feebly, faintly, following on ;
With silent tears and aching breast,
They bore him to his place of rest.

Within the potter's field he lay,
As soft as if in holier clay ;
It matters little where they sleep
Whom Christ hath promised he will keep.

The harder toil, the sweeter rest ;
More deeply cross'd, more richly blest ;
And heaven a welcome boon must be
For such a weary man as he.

No holy man of God was there
To utter slow and solemn prayer,
Or bid them lift their weeping eyes
To homes and hopes beyond the skies.

But God was there ; with healing balm,
He made the mourners' hearts grow calm :
They knelt and pray'd, and wondrous grace
Abounded in that lonely place.

Philadelphia, August, 1843

THE HAUNTED EDITOR.

BY BROTHER GEORGE HATCH.

MEN have sometimes become subject to strange vagaries without themselves being at all aware of the fact. Idiosyncrasies of the most remarkable character are related by the philosopher Combe, and others who have written upon the peculiarities which poor mortality is subject to. I myself have witnessed curious cases before now, some one or two of which have had quite an important bearing upon the general welfare of our Order. For instance, it was lately confessed to me by a most estimable member of the I. O. of O. F., that for months previous to his joining the Brotherhood a dark fatality, a perfect incubus of vague and misty horror, hung upon his mind ; all his life seemed suddenly unshapen, and to twist itself awry ; an unaccountable foreboding of distress, of misery, and impending ruin, dwelt so incessantly within his thoughts as to tincture even trivial acts—to such a degree, indeed, that strangers, sympathizing, wondered at his solemn face. At length he re-

solved to unbosom himself to a few friends, in the hope to hear some remedy for a diseased imagination; he did so, and was astonished to learn, from an honest-hearted man, that ODD-FELLOWSHIP was an infallible remedy for all such evils of the mind. Upon further inquiry he became satisfied that such was the fact, and was immediately proposed for membership; notwithstanding his admission that *self-interest* was a leading motive which incited him in applying, his character was such that he was unanimously voted in, and to this day continues a stanch Odd-Fellow, upright and liberal-minded.

Should the editor of the "Offering" object not, however, I will relate an idiopathic example of a lighter nature, betraying the folly of over-tasking one's self, and inculcating, at least indirectly, the advantages of occasional relaxation from the severer duties of life. The subject flourished whilom in the patriotic city of Boston, and 'tis possible he still may be remembered there.

"I was once an Editor, but was obliged to leave the profession, for reasons which I will now declare. One dark and sultry evening in the hot month of August, I found myself far behind-hand in the important matter of 'copy!' Of course I resolved to replenish the drawer, and forthwith bent every energy to the production of 'all sorts' of prose and poetry, sentiment, hu-

mor, morality, love, religion, and politics. On we went, until the steeple clock tolled twelve; on, on, until daylight dawned and cocks began to crow—or should have crowed, had there been any in the city. Wearied and fainting, we at last threw down the quill, and leaned back in our chair to rest, when suddenly the *devil* in our ears screamed ‘Copy.’ Emptying the fruits of the night’s labors into his apron, we attempted to pass by him to procure our morning’s toast and coffee; but the imp interposed his begrimed visage, and still voraciously demanded *more* ‘copy.’ We threw him a number of the ‘London News,’ with orders to set up the whole of it, and vanished. But scarcely was there time to reach the *café* and swallow a single cup, when the impy demon nudged our elbow again, and while he ‘grinned a ghastly smile,’ ejaculated ‘Copy.’—Throwing our cup and saucer at his head, the *devil* dodged behind a brawny red-faced gentleman at the next table, who unfortunately received the blow, and resented the affront by flooring us with a blow of his Herculean fist. Enraged, I demanded redress, and was seized by the police for creating a disturbance, and conveyed to prison. The publisher, who is one of the best men in the world, waited on me to know the cause of the uproar. I told him how I had been persecuted by the devil; when he declared, in astonishment, that I must either be drunk or de-

mented, for I had not been in the office for a month. At this moment my tormentor appeared in one corner of the cell, and again screamed 'Copy.' 'There !' exclaimed I, to the incredulous publisher. 'Where ?' cried he ; 'I can see nothing.' Finally, I was set at liberty as a monomaniac ; visited England, France, and Germany, in the hope that change of scene might drive away my persecuting fiend, and now am here again. When passing first across the Atlantic, my demon sat among the vessel's shrouds, and ever and anon cried 'Copy.' In London, if I strolled along Pall Mall, or stood in Piccadilly, 'Copy,' cried the fiend. But when those dancing throngs which crowd the Boulevards were passing round me, the imp was well-nigh crowded out of sight. The last bit of 'copy' which I gave him was the following, which has bid fair to drive him away forever ; he took it finically in his fingers, and turned his diabolical nose up with an expression of particular contempt as he ran through it :

'There's a spot beneath the deep-blue deep,
Where my sisters comb their dark-green hair.
When the stars at morning go to sleep,
We deck our brows with corals rare.
When the brave come down to our rocky homes
They meet with us a welcome kind ;
And the seamen's is a tomb of tombs,
For they kiss the wreaths our brows that bind.

They speak of death—but we know him not
Within the halls where we blithely dwell :
Then come to our ever waveless spot,
When midnight rings her witching bell.' ”

New York, August, 1843.

“ WHAT IS ODD-FELLOWSHIP ? ”

WHAT is Odd-Fellowship ? Go ask the tear
That sometimes trembles in the widow's eye,—
That tells of grief for one—the loved and dear—
Whose cherished memory now awakes the sigh,
And flings a shadow o'er the brow's deep calm :
Oh ! ask of her what bright angelic power
Poured in her wounded heart affection's balm,
And cheered her path in sorrow's darkest hour.

Ask her, when fate its cruel shaft had sped,
And her young hopes had perished in their bloom,
What smiling form could bless e'en then, and shed
A halo of deep glory round the tomb ;—
What good Samaritan, like him of old,
Stood ready to assuage her bitter cry,
When all the world beside, with feelings cold,
Beheld her grief, and passed regardless by.

A SCENE IN SPAIN.

BY F. J. OTTERSON.

'Tis the land of bud and blossom,
Ardent sun and spotless sky,
Where the olive scents the zephyr,
Where the palm is branching high ;
And the vesper's solemn chiming
Faintly dies upon the ear,
As the deepening twilight summons
Young and old to festive cheer.

Strike the chords, oh gray-beard harper !
Let the strain be light and gay,
Such as fits the mood of maiden
On a joyous nuptial day ;
Hand in hand we'll tread the measure,
Where our fathers danced of yore,
With the same old palm descending
On the Guadalquiver's shore.

Yet the group is not all joyous ;
Two there are of graver face ;
One a pale and thoughtful student,
One a maid of gentle race :
Little heeds he mirth and music,
Little joys she in the dance,

As her burning blushes answer
To the magic of his glance.

Far retiring to the umbrage
Of an ivy-vestured tree,
Where no careless ear may listen,
Where no curious eye may see,
Lists she to some tale of wonder—
Tale of chivalry or war—
Or the voice of love awakens
From her silver-toned guitar.

O ye fair and frigid daughters
Of the ever-gloomy north,
Where no incense-breathing zephyr
Calls the master-passion forth,
Hour and place and song and story
To your hearts would plead in vain,
Which would trance in love's wild rapture
Many a young brunette of Spain !

All the outward is forgotten,
All unmark'd the closing night ;
Each is all unto the other,
As their early vows they plight ;
Myriad cupids hover o'er them,
Round them wanton breezes rove,
As they pledge their first affections
In a holy kiss of love.

August, 1843.

LOVE.

BY REV. JOHN V. RIGDEN.

THERE is no theme more magnificent, comprehensive, and captivating, than that of Love. It makes up the heart, the perfection of the essence of Jehovah. Without it there would have been no intelligent existences besides the Almighty. There was no necessity existing for their creation. God did not need them to promote his glory, greatness, or bliss: because he is an infinite being; and, therefore, does not feel or know the want of adventitious aid. It was not necessary for the manifestation of his wisdom and power. They might have been displayed by still more diversified creations and modifications of matter, independently of the creation of a single intellect. His justice, holiness, and truth, certainly did not demand or require such an act. He would have been just, holy, and true, had no intelligences been brought into being to whom he might manifest his justice, holiness, and truth.—Why then did he create innumerable orders of intelligent beings? Why did he make heaven an

hierarchy of angels, consisting of angels and archangels, seraphim and cherubim, thrones, principalities, powers, and dominions, all densely peopling the realms of light ineffable, and outnumbering the stars of heaven for multitude? Why did he fill countless worlds with pure intellectual creations, and range them, as we may suppose, in regular gradations, from the angelic orders to the human species? Why did he create all these, and man? Can any other cause than the divine love be assigned for it? None other. "God is love;" and because he is love he would not be satisfied until he had produced objects on whom he could expend, and towards whom he could exercise, his boundless benevolence.

Behold its operations! The upper strata of infinite space is filled with worlds of intellect—then the next—and progressing to the present time, and, for aught we know, progressing forever, the divine power, wielded by the divine benevolence, is ceaselessly employed. And all these exertions are put forth, and these beings created, that they might become "partakers of the divine nature;" and, in so becoming, possess eternally increasing felicity. O what love is here!

Nor in *these* mighty stretches of creative power alone is the divine benevolence manifested.—His love led him to form myriads of inferior

creatures, and to constitute endless forms of matter, in inconceivable variety and adaptation, for the benefit of the superior intelligences.

Over all his works his love presides, in the dispensations of his providence. He invests himself with the care and preservation of them all. From the animalculæ that swims in the smallest drop of water, unseen but by the employment of the microscopic aid, to the tallest and brightest angel that shines in splendor nearest his throne, through all the intermediate gradations of animal and intellectual existence, his all-sustaining and blessed presence of love is found. How does this extend our view of his benevolence! How overwhelmingly does the conception of it break upon us!

But the greatness of that love has not yet been reached. Our world is the smallest of all the worlds he made, and it revolted from him, and buried itself in sin and misery. How easily might he have blotted it from existence, and not have had his love impugned! What loss would the universe have sustained by its extinction? How utterly insignificant would have been the destruction of such a trifle! And yet the very insignificancy of our globe, combined with the means used for its recovery, proves the greatness of his love. It was comparatively *perfectly* insignificant, but it interested God, engaged his concern for it, and led him to give "his only be-

gotted Son" to suffer and die, "that whosoever" of all Adam's race "should believe in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Herein was love!

See yet a higher wonder! God has stamped eternity on his love. He loves his creatures with "an everlasting love." Their immortality is proof of this. He made them immortal, that he might pour the infinite resources of his love upon them forever. Can we grasp that thought, the eternal outpouring of the illimitable Jehovah himself into the souls of his intelligent offspring? When we can, then we may, and not before, fathom the love of God.

The Divinity has impressed his love upon man. He has made it a part of his nature—the measure and the law of his obedience. He makes us capable of loving, and then asks and seeks our love. In the utility of nature and the directions of providence he seeks to win us to his own heart of love; and by the sublimer motives of revelation he would bind us in the indissoluble bonds of affection to his throne—a throne crowned equally with love and glory.

Then would he lead us to our species, as objects of esteem and love. He would have us see in every man his own image, however much defaced and mutilated, and to love the man for his sake. By the inculcations of his word he teaches us that all the wretches of earth and our-

selves have a common paternity—that they are our brethren—that he is the Father of us all—and says unto us and them, in view of these relations, “Little children, love one another!” He adds to teaching, indulgence, and bears long with us, that we may bear with one another. He even summons his justice to aid and compel us to love one another. Hence the retributions which fall, even in this life, upon the miser, the spendthrift, the extortioner, the oppressor, and the tyrant. These are the foes of their race; and, by their punishment, God would make men love their fellow-men.

And when love has been fully incorporated with our feelings and actions—when it has become a part of our existence to love God and man, with all the ardor of a heaven-born charity—how various and delicate and interesting do all our relations and duties become! With what fondness and delight are filial obligations discharged! How delicate and sincere are the wooings of the future partner of the heart!—Parental duties are less a burden than a pleasure! We become pure patriots, good citizens, and genuine philanthropists. The poor, friendless, and distressed sons and daughters of Adam excite our commiseration and secure our aid. We forget to live for self alone, and live to glorify God and benefit man. “When the ear hears us, then it blesses us; and when the eye

sees us, it gives witness to us; because we delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him who was ready to perish comes upon us, and we cause the widow's heart to sing for joy." All the relations and duties of life are observed by us; and the same, becoming more and more refined and etherealized by the operation of a pure and cheerful love, eventually quits the body with tranquillity and transport, and passes into the regions of everlasting love and bliss.

And now what more? *Love in heaven!* How can I describe it? Where shall I go for thoughts, language, illustrations? Earth cannot furnish them. The mightiest intellects that have lived since time first was, combining their energies and ingenuity until time shall be no more, could not furnish one line of the description. It would require the mind of God, and his powerful communications, to afford an adequate thought of it. Should I then dare an attempt to describe it? Never. Only this would I say, Heaven is full of love, and will be forever.— There, and there only, will we know its fulness and its perfect fruition. But let us be imbued with its spirit, and practice its injunctions here, that we may know hereafter that "*Love is heaven!*"

Hagerstown, Md., August, 1843.

THE EMIGRANT.

BY REV. WILLIAM ROLLINSON.

THE cloud-darkened heavens portended a storm. Their face presented not that murky hue that we so generally see in an eastern storm, but a blackness deep and intense. During the whole of the morning, ponderous but detached masses of clouds had been chasing each other from the western to the eastern horizon: sometimes, gathering their disjoined forces, they would for a while obscure the bright sunlight of the prairie; and then, dispersing as suddenly as they had united, would reveal the azure vault of heaven in unspotted serenity and loveliness. But a dark and solid body had been gradually spreading over the west, and lazily creeping up towards the zenith, until, when the sun had attained his meridian altitude, the sable car of the storm-king met him in his course, and seemed to bar his further progress. For a moment, like two gladiators preparing for the contest, they appeared, stationary, to gaze upon each other; and then as a fierce blast, the first breath of the coming tempest, swept over the

"flower-gemm'd" plain, the clouds rode triumphantly onward, and the earth was robbed of her robe of golden sheen. Fitfully and wildly came the sudden gusts across the level surface of the prairie, bowing the tall grass and the thousand brilliant blossoms before their path; until the verdant plain appeared a vast emerald sea, upon whose bosom floated myriads of Earth's brightest gems; and then, in the momentary pause that followed, the heads of the high grass would tumble and shiver as though in terrified suspense they awaited the coming of the succeeding blast.—Darker and darker grew the sky, as body after body of clouds rushed athwart its face, until it presented but one wild mass of fierce and troubled blackness. And now the thunder, which had been muttering in half-smothered peals, broke louder and nearer; large heavy drops of rain pattered among the thick verdure; and the forked lightning leaped and played dazzlingly among the sable drapery of heaven.

At this moment, hurriedly making their way towards a clump of oaks that grew upon a slight elevation near the centre of the prairie, might have been seen a family, from whose appearance it was evident that they belonged to the class who leave the comforts, luxuries, and joys of eastern civilization, with its attendant struggles, to seek, amid the solitudes of an almost untrodden wilderness, that independence denied them by the

baneful competition springing from the wants of a superabundant population on their natal soil. First in this little company was a man whose raven curls, resting upon a lofty and expansive brow, proved him still in the full vigor and strength of manhood. He walked at the head of a fine span of horses, that were attached to one of those large covered wagons which form the customary mode of conveyance to the emigrant; affording, as they do, on occasions of need, not only the means of transporting their families and goods across the wide plains and far-stretching forests of the west, but a shelter from the storms of day, as well as from the dampness of a night whose copious dews seldom fail completely to saturate whatever may be exposed to their influence. Within the shelter of the vehicle sat one who was evidently his wife. The frail form, delicate complexion, and small white hands of the lady, evinced her to be one to whom the labor, struggles, and trials of poverty had hitherto been unknown. By her side were two children, the one apparently nine and the other about seven years of age, in whose faces might have been traced the lineaments of both parents, blended in a beauteous union, and softened by the golden light that the innocence of childhood universally casts upon its possessors. A few moments sufficed them to gain the shelter of the grove, where, after arranging the wagon so as to be sheltered as much as pos-

sible from the power of the rapidly increasing storm, they, not without anxiety, awaited its coming.

The more fully to introduce the reader to this little family, let him accompany us to a period some ten years previous to this time. Then, on the morning of a bright day in June, those who were early perambulating the fashionable street in one of our largest Atlantic cities, might have seen gathered before the door of an elegant church a number of carriages, while the expectant look that rested upon the faces of those who lounged around the porch proved that some unusual occurrence was there to take place. That it was to be a wedding would have been evident to any one skilled in physiognomy, from the waggish expression upon the smiling countenances that from time to time peered up and down the street, as well as from the oft-repeated exclamation that followed each unsuccessful examination, "Can't see any thing of them yet;" and had a stranger so judged, he would not have been mistaken. There was to be a wedding there on that morning; the uniting of the hands of two whose hearts had long since, without the laws of formality, formed a union as indissoluble as the life that bounded in their veins. The church and the law were then to pronounce those whom God and nature had already united, in firmer, holier, and more blessed bands. The sun had risen but little above the

horizon, when three additional carriages rolled up to the door of the church, and in a few moments, amid suppressed murmurs of admiration, the bridal party passed beneath its portals; and there, beneath the arched roof of that stately building, and in the presence of hundreds of witnesses, were the sanctions of law and religion given to the union of those whom sympathetic feelings and congenial sentiments had already wedded by the stronger ties of love.

Henry Suydam, who on that morning was united to Maria Livingston, was a young man of talent. He had shortly before been fully admitted to the bar; and from his promising abilities, his friends augured his sure success. His parents had died while he was quite a youth, leaving to him a moderate competency; and this, together with what his exertions would procure, he doubted not would amply provide all that he, or she whom he that day led to the altar, could desire of this world's goods. Maria Livingston, like Harry, was an orphan, and this common feature in their lot it was that first attracted him to her; but, unlike him, she had been left penniless, having been nurtured under the care of an aunt, who had, to a great degree, supplied the place of the mother whose care she had never known. But though destitute of gold, in the true wealth of nature—a form of perfect symmetry—a countenance of glowing loveliness—and a mind whose natural

amiability had been enriched and adorned by the highest cultivation—she was rich. And Henry Suydam felt, when on that morn she plighted to him her troth, that treasures such as these were valuable as they were rare.

It is not necessary that we trace the course of this happy couple through years of almost unalloyed felicity—that we depict their joy when first a daughter and then a son blessed their hearts. Some things regarding their “business affairs” we must however disclose. Henry’s success in his profession had not been commensurate with his expectations; and as he did not choose to live in a state inferior to the families with whom he associated, he had been obliged to draw continually upon the property he held; and these constant drafts rapidly diminished the fund from which they were taken. Hope, however, buoyed up his spirits, and with the expectation of replacing it when his business increased, he continued to maintain a style of living far exceeding that which his real income would authorize. His anticipations were never realized. His business, although it did not decrease, was little, if any, augmented, though his earnest and continued exertions were put forth to produce a result so necessary; and consequently his brow, which since the day of his happy union with Maria had scarcely known a shadow, became clouded by care. This change was one that could not pass

unnoticed by a fond and affectionate wife ; and she strove, indirectly, to win from him the cause of his obvious sorrow. The confidence that she evidently desired, Mr. Suydam, actuated by a mistaken kindness, withheld, and endeavored, while in her presence, to banish from his countenance all trace of the anxiety that was gnawing at his heart. But his affairs were not improving—he was continually obliged to draw upon what little property he had remaining, and he could not conceal from himself the fact that soon it would be impossible longer to keep the truth from the knowledge of his wife.

Things were in this state when, one morning, having arisen rather before the usual hour, he walked out to take a stroll in the park. Passing through the hall, his eye rested upon the morning paper, which had just been placed there. Taking it up, he glanced over its contents, when suddenly his eye lighted with a wild, excited expression, and after a few moments of fixed and anxious attention he dashed the paper from him, exclaiming, "It is all over, then—all is lost—there is no hope. No!" he muttered, thoughtfully, after a momentary pause ; "no ! it would be madness to struggle on longer ; I must yield. But my wife !—my children !—Oh God !—Could I but save them from want, I would suffer all the bitterest pangs of poverty without a murmur. But this cannot be ; I must drag them with me." He

passed a few moments rapidly pacing the hall, when, the first ebullition of feeling having subsided, he in a somewhat calmer mood lifted the paper from the floor, and sought his wife, to break to her the tidings of his ruin. The paragraph that had produced this extraordinary excitement in the breast of Mr. Suydam read as follows :

“It will be seen by our correspondent’s letter that the Bank of S—— has suspended payment. In addition to the information it gives, we have learned by a gentleman from that place that this event has been for some time expected. And, further, that the loss to the stockholders will be very great, if not total ; as from the failure of several extensive speculations into which the bank very wrongfully entered, together with previous mismanagement, its losses have been so great that its assets will be insufficient to redeem its circulation.”

It is not necessary for us to describe the interview in which Mr. Suydam revealed his losses to his wife, (the whole of his remaining property was invested in the stock of this bank,) or to describe the cheerfulness with which she bore the intelligence which he thought would have crushed her. Nor need we repeat the various deliberations and consultations they held with reference to their future life. Many plans were proposed, and many suggestions made, which were all laid

aside as impracticable or hopeless. Suffice it to say that the result was a determination to sell out all they had, and seek competency and happiness in the West ; which resolution was subsequently strengthened by a letter that Mr. S. received from a Mr. Byers, who had formerly been a fellow-student with him, but who had some years before settled in that land of promise. The letter alluded to described in glowing terms the fertility and prosperity of that portion of our country, and the certainty of ultimate affluence to all who were there disposed to strive for it. By continual contemplation the picture grew brighter, and hope, which never wholly leaves the human heart, painted a glorious future for them ; so that it was with no great depression of spirits that, on a fine morning of spring, they took leave of their friends, and commenced a journey which promised at its termination peace and plenty. Mr. S. had, by the sale of his furniture, books, &c., realized about \$2,000, and with this he intended to purchase a farm in the vicinity of some western city, and devote himself to agricultural pursuits. He had youth, health, and energy, so that he scarcely feared failure ; and with his wife and children by him, he felt secure of happiness. The greater part of their journey was accomplished without the occurrence of any circumstance of moment. At the time we have introduced them to the reader, they were within a hun-

dred miles of Alton, which was their place of destination.

The storm by which they were overtaken promised to be of extraordinary violence, and their shelter was frail, so that it was with great anxiety for the welfare of his wife and children that Mr. S. watched the gathering of the tempest. Cloud after cloud mounted above the horizon, adding to the thick gloom which already shrouded the scene, the loneliness of which, combined with the malignant aspect of the heavens, cast a feeling of desolation upon the heart. Mr. S., fearful that the thunder would render the horses refractory and unmanageable, had taken them from the wagon and fastened them to one of the nearest oaks, while he stood leaning against the wagon, striving to cheer and encourage the children, already exceedingly alarmed.

"It will be a fearful storm," exclaimed his wife, as a loud peal of thunder rolled along the blackened firmament.

"I fear it will," replied Mr. S., "and should the rain continue any length of time, the wagon will afford you but a poor shelter."

"I do not think of myself," said she; "but poor little Robert has not been well this day or two, and I fear that he will suffer by it;" and she pressed the youngest of the children to her bosom.

"Oh! mother, I'm afraid," screamed the

eldest, as a bright flash wheeled through the sky, almost immediately followed by a stunning thunder-clap.

"Hush, Mary, there is no danger," said the mother, soothingly, as she passed her arm around the neck of her daughter, who had hidden her face in her mother's lap.

The storm appeared now to have attained its climax. Flash succeeding flash in rapid succession, the forked lightning seemed to rend the heavens, and the thunder, rolling in one continuous peal, to shake the earth. It was as though the elemental fires had been loosed, and, in union with their attendant thunders, were holding high jubilee in unrestricted madness. It was an hour of wild and awful grandeur: the fierce commotion of the clouds, the dazzling splendor of the lightning, the hoarse roaring of the thunder, occasionally varied by the sharp crackling peals that are so much more terrible, combined with the sublimity and loneliness of the far-stretching prairie to form a scene of exciting and terrifying sublimity. As a peal of terrible violence burst above their heads, one of the horses, which had manifested great restiveness since the commencement of the storm, starting back terrified, either broke or loosened the cord by which he was fastened, and galloped furiously away, his eyeballs staring, and his nostrils distended by fear. Mr. S. left the wagon in pursuit, but had scarcely

taken a dozen steps when another peal of equal violence checked the course of the horse, and, turning, it rushed madly towards the wagon.— As he passed, Mr. S. caught the halter, which was still fastened to the horse's head, and with some difficulty, and no little danger, succeeded in arresting his course. As Mr. S. led him to the tree for the purpose of again securing him, a flash of awful splendor leaped from the clouds, and for an instant every object seemed bathed in flame. Simultaneously the crash, loud as though the whole artillery of earth had been at one moment discharged, broke above them, rolling and crashing along the plain, convulsing the earth, which trembled beneath the fierce concussion.

“ Oh God !” shrieked Mrs. S., when her sight, recovering from the momentary blindness produced by the vivid flash, showed her husband extended beneath the tree, which had been struck by that terrible messenger ; and leaping in an agony of terror from the wagon, she flew to the spot where his motionless body was stretched.

“ Henry, dear Henry, are you hurt ?—He is dead ! Merciful Heaven, spare him ! Oh spare him ! My children, my children ! Oh God !” and clasping her hands to her brow with a phrensie scream, she fell back senseless as the inanimate body of her husband.

Long she remained in this state, and returning life but slowly and imperfectly restored her to con-

sciousness. Her children had clambered from the wagon, and stood bitterly weeping by her side ; they, as well as herself, were thoroughly drenched by the rain, which still poured from the clouds, though the storm was now passing away. Yet it was but little that she heeded either the distress of her children or her own pitiable condition. Her eyes were fixed upon the lifeless form of him to whom, with "woman's deathless trust," her heart, her all had been yielded ; and the intense agony of that hour seemed to have destroyed all sense of feeling, save the terrible consciousness of his awful fate. Hour after hour rolled on—the clouds passed away—and the bright sun again illumined the scene ; but the sunlight of day could not cheer that heart which so fearful an affliction had wrapped in the blackness of desolation, or awaken hope in a mind which agony had already alienated and was fast destroying.

The sun was but an hour above the horizon, when a single horseman rode slowly along the prairie. The freshness of the plain, and the brilliancy of its myriad flowers, heightened by the recent shower, lay spread out before him ; and his eye roved with delight over the lovely prospect. He was habited in the coarse homespun dress and furnished with the usual accoutrements of the backwoodsman. His horse trotted moderately on until he drew near the group of oaks,

when, perceiving the wagon, which before had been hidden from him by the high grass and foliage of the trees, he, actuated by that social feeling which is a predominant feature of the western character, quickened his pace, and in a few minutes rode up to the group. At the sound of his horse's footsteps the grief of the children, which had partially exhausted itself, broke out afresh.

"Holloa, youngsters! what is the matter?" he exclaimed, riding up to them.

But it needed no verbal reply to convey the truth to his mind. The rifted tree—the lifeless body of the father—the wild agonized countenance and dishevelled hair of the mother, told plainer than words could speak the whole of the fearful tale. Hastily dismounting, he advanced to Mrs. Suydam, with words of homely but sincere condolence.

"Hush!" she exclaimed, interrupting him; "hush! you will wake him."

"My poor woman," he replied, taking the hand of the corpse in his, "he will never again wake in this world."

Mrs. S. gazed upon him with a wild, yet vacant stare, then pushing his hand from the body, she busied herself arranging the wet hair of the corpse in curls upon the clammy brow.

"He will smile so sweetly when he wakes," she exclaimed; "he always does—is he not beautiful?—yes, he said that the fields were green,

and the skies blue, but it was hard to leave our home. She died when I was young—but she must have died like him, for she was good.”

And thus the poor bereaved woman rambled on, unconscious of her present wo. The shock had been too great for her reason, and her fatherless children had now a maniac mother !

The tears started to the eyes of the stranger, as, turning from the mother, he strove to sooth the children. Taking them from the wet ground, he placed them in the wagon, and in a rough but kindly tone, sought to banish their fears. In this he was to a great degree successful ; and having quieted them, his next care was to arouse, if possible, the mind of the heart-stricken widow to some consciousness of her state ; but here he entirely failed. The kindness of his tones dispelled her fear, and the wildness left her countenance ; but an idiotic smile, enlightened by a ray of intellect, replaced it. The stranger sighed as he beheld the futility of his attempts, and raising himself from the ground, where he had been kneeling at the side of the widow, he exclaimed, “ It won’t do ! poor woman, her head is turned. This is a pretty fix,” he continued ; “ and I don’t know exactly what to do about it. It won’t answer to leave her and the children here ; they would die afore morning, and I must remove them ; well, there’s nothing else to be done.”

So the kind-hearted man, taking the harness

from the dead horse, put his own in its place, and with the one belonging to Mr. Suydam, that had been unharmed, he soon had the wagon ready to convey them to his house, which was situated on the western side of the prairie, nearly eight miles distant. It was very reluctantly that Mrs. S. permitted him to place the body of her husband in the wagon; but at length, half by force and half by persuasion, he succeeded: and having arranged all as comfortably as possible, under the painful circumstances of the case, he commenced the melancholy journey.

The light had faded into the evening twilight, and that again had given place to the silvery beams of the summer moon, ere Reuben Hoyt arrived, with the afflicted family, at his humble but comfortable home. They were received by his wife with a subdued but hearty welcome; and every thing that the warmest benevolence could suggest was done to alleviate the sorrows and provide for the comfort of the bereaved family.— Mrs. S. could not be persuaded for an instant to leave the side of her husband's corpse, nor could they convince her that he was indeed dead. To all their attempts she replied by a vacant smile; or if she spoke, it was only to enjoin upon them the necessity of silence, lest they should wake him from his sleep. Seeing that it would be useless to attempt to persuade her to consent to his burial, they took advantage of a period on the ensuing

day, when her exhausted frame had thrown her into a slumber, to lay the body in the earth. She did not awake until they had returned from the performance of this sad duty ; and then looking around with a smile so sweet and mournful that it brought the tears to eyes unaccustomed to weep, she seemed to miss something, but what, she did not appear to recollect.

"Where is it ?" she asked, after glancing with a childlike smile around the room : "where is it ?" she inquired again, more earnestly, seeing that they hesitated to answer her.

"What is it, dear lady, what is it you have lost ?" asked the wife of Reuben, taking her kindly by the hand.

"I don't know," she replied ; "I don't know, but" (pressing her hand to her heart) "I feel that it has gone—gone from here."

The kindnesses of Reuben and his wife, through their delicacy and constancy, exemplifying the spirit of the Gospel, to whose precepts they professed obedience, were never able to restore to sanity the widow's alienated mind. Though hopeless of reward or recompense, they kept her and the children with them week after week, until a year had rolled along ; when it was evident, from her rapidly failing strength, that Mrs. S. would soon follow her husband to the tomb.—Reuben Hoyt now resolved to exert himself to discover the friends of the unfortunate family ;

and for this purpose he had advertisements inserted in the leading journals of all the chief cities: but it was apparently useless; for three months passed away without his hearing any tidings, or receiving any intelligence that could guide him to the discovery of their friends.

The three months had worked a fearful change in the health and appearance of Mrs. Suydam. She was now worn almost to a shadow, and her life was evidently fast wasting.

On an afternoon of the early part of August, the heat being very oppressive, she had desired Mrs. Hoyt to assist her to a seat near the window: here she sat gazing out upon the luxuriant verdure of the prairie, dressed in all the gentle wreaths of summer; and the flood of fragrance, borne upon its wings, seemed to refresh and cheer her. She had seldom spoken even to her children, since the sad day that saw her husband so suddenly severed from her; but now she feebly called them to her side, and pointing through the window to the beautiful scene, she spoke to them of heaven and its glories. Reason seemed partially to have resumed her dominion, and Mrs. Hoyt, who was sitting near her, feared to stir, lest the sound of her movement should banish what she hoped was the dawning of returning sanity. In a little while Mrs. S., turning her head, beckoned the good woman to approach; and, taking her hand within her own pale fingers,

she looked mildly in her face, and seemed to strive to articulate ; but the power had left her, and with a smile of almost seraphic loveliness the poor widow fell backward in her chair. In an instant the arm of her kind protectress was thrown around her—a shade passed over her face, and without a struggle or a pang the emancipated spirit took its everlasting flight. * * *

They buried her by the side of her husband ; and had she been their own sister they could not have mourned her with a deeper or sincerer grief. Childless themselves, they now looked upon the young Suydams as their own, and it was with a heart swelling with gratitude that Reuben knelt before his God, offering thanks that He had directed his steps to this afflicted family on the prairie.

Rahway, N. J., 1843.

APOSTROPHE TO THE SEA.

SEA! boundless, vast, illimitable Sea!
I stand upon thy rocky marge, and gaze
With rapt and silent wonder on each wave,
And drink your everlasting minstrelsy
With joy that knows no measure, till all thought,
And feeling, and emotion that belong
To aught save thee—and even the sweet song
I learned to sing in childhood—are forgot:
And I would fain exchange life's bitter lot,
And all the ills which to this state belong,
To sleep in thy deep bosom. Let them choose
Who may their resting-place in the dark tomb,
Amid its cheerless vapors, damps, and gloom,
With vulgar bones to putrefy and rot,
Age after age, till time's swift wing shall lose
Its power to soar, and sink unconscious down
Amid the wreck of city and of town:
These have no charms for me:—Oh let me sleep
In ocean's depths, and corals be my bed,
And sea-weeds twine a garland round my head,
And waves make music o'er me, till He speak,
Whose voice shall make the sea give up her dead!

P. S.

New York, August, 1843.



Painted by R. T. Parris.

Engraved by Geo. H. Ellis.

THE LADY OF THE LAMPS.

THE EXILE BRIDESMAID.

BY F. J. OTTERSON.

THE bridal's o'er, and I'm alone ;—
Why is my soul so deeply sad,
Where music peals its joyous tone,
And eyes are bright and hearts are glad ?
Alas ! my thoughts are far away,
Beyond the ocean's moaning wave,
Around my early home to stray,
Or linger near my mother's grave.

How happy in my native land
The lovely hours of childhood flew,
When I could clasp a father's hand,
And share his kiss, so pure and true !
This gay attire is mockery all ;
Heart-broken 'mid the throng I rove ;
More meet for me the funeral pall,
With none to cheer and none to love.

How weary is the stranger's lot !
Though generous welcome meets me here,
The past—the past, is ne'er forgot,
While heart hath life or eye a tear.

Perchance a sister's youthful glee
Is sobered by a thought of her
Beyond the restless rolling sea,
In stranger lands a wanderer.

Oh ! father, sister, when the chime
Of matin bell is on the air,
Remember ye the pleasant time
When child and mother knelt in prayer ;
And by her sacred memory,
When bowing at the Saviour's shrine,
Oh spare a single prayer for me,
As you shall ever share in mine.

Kind friends, I would not mar your joy
In this, to you, so happy hour ;
Nor mingle sorrow's base alloy
Where mirth and happiness have power ;
Think not of me, though sad and lone,
Nor let me break your revelry—
Think not of me, I am but *one*,
And have no claim but sympathy.

But why complain ? The God of all,
With whom my mother's spirit lives,
Will mingle in the cup of gall
Some blessing with the wine he gives ;
And while I pine for earthly home,
At roseate dawn or sombre even,
My mother's gentle soul will come,
And guide my steps to her in heaven.

New York, August, 1843.

THE FIRST YEAR OF WIDOWHOOD.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

O, WEARY drag the wheels of Time,
To her whose earthly trust
Hath left her, in life's rosy prime,
To slumber in the dust !

The *first* sad year of widowed grief,
No summer doth it own ;
No fruits, no flowers, bring sweet relief,
'Tis winter's blight alone :

One long and dreary winter night,
Of watching and of tears ;
Of darkness, such as when no light
Of midnight star appears !

Oh ! she who counts by tears each hour,
And she alone, can know,
How the first year, 'neath sorrow's power,
To ages seem to grow !

At length its tedious course is done,
And Heaven's sustaining hand
Hath led the weeping widow on,
Through earth's now desert land.

No other year so long will seem,
So like the winter night ;
For she hath borrowed heaven's own beam
Her lonely way to light.

'Tis this that greets her watching eyes
Beside the hallowed grave,
That bids her own the Hand "all-wise"
Which took but what it gave.

'Tis this, beyond life's night of gloom,
Her day-star that will rise,
To cheer the darkness of the tomb
And light her to the skies.

New Jersey.

THE STRANGER'S DEATH.

BY BRO. DANIEL ADEE.

It was at the close of a sunny day in spring that a young man might have been seen descending into a romantic valley in New England, pausing occasionally to gaze upon the beautiful and ever-varying scenery for which that section of our country is so justly celebrated. He was evidently laboring under severe illness, and the sweet but sad expression of his countenance struck the closer beholder with a feeling of interest mingled with curiosity. But though wearied with travelling, and almost fainting from illness, he lingered on his way until the deepening gloom of evening warned him to seek a place in which to pass the night. This, he doubted not, he should easily find, for he had already experienced the hospitality of the simple but kind-hearted people through whose happy land he was journeying. It was therefore without fear that he drew near a somewhat dilapidated farm-house, that was nearly hidden from view by the aged and thick-foliaged elms that sur-

rounded it. His half-hesitating knock upon the door was immediately answered by a man in the prime of life, whose full muscular form and rugged though pleasant countenance contrasted, almost painfully, with that of the delicate and weak figure before him. The stranger, whom I shall call Edward, inquired the distance to the next hotel, and was informed that it was full five miles, and that the road was somewhat dangerous to travel after dark. "I am weary, and seek a place where I may obtain some refreshment and a shelter for the night," said Edward: "Is there none nearer?" "There is none," answered the farmer, "unless you will accept of such homely fare as we can give. Such as it is, you are welcome to it." Edward accepted the kind offer with thanks, and in a few moments was seated by the hospitable board of the farmer, whose family, consisting of a wife and one daughter, yet in her teens, strove by every attention to make him feel at home. It was in vain, however, that they loaded his dish with their simple yet delicious viands. Their guest was really ill, though reluctant to confess it, and could not eat. The repast ended, the farmer invited his guest to join in the devotional exercises of the evening. He readily assented; and the good man, taking down the well-used Bible, read a chapter from the New Testament, and after making a few remarks upon the promises there

given, rose and poured out his soul in deep and heartfelt prayer. Edward was a Christian, but never had his heart seemed so entirely to separate itself from the things of this earth and to hold so close a communion with its Maker, as on the present occasion ; and when the deep solemn voice of the farmer ceased, he remained for a time as if in a trance of delight, unwilling to break the halo of glory which seemed to be shed around him. The whole party then arose from their knees, and the young man was shown to his room, and with a parting blessing left to repose.

When the host called him on the following morning, he found him in a high fever and perfectly helpless. Alarmed, the worthy man summoned his family, who administered what remedies they were acquainted with, but were not long in discovering that the disease was far too deep-rooted for their efforts ; and a laborer was soon dispatched for the nearest physician, who arrived in a few hours and proceeded at once to the chamber of his patient. Previous to his arrival the mind of Edward had been wandering, and he had lost all consciousness of his present situation. His imagination was still, however, haunted by visions of distress and terror. He fancied himself cut off from his kindred and home, and condemned to drag out a life of toil and suffering as the slave of a petty despot in an

eastern clime. Goaded to desperation, he suddenly arose and at one blow felled his oppressor to the earth, and then sought safety in flight. For a time he seems to leave the pursuers far in the rear; but though he reaches the sea-shore, no friendly sail appears to rescue him, and the deep bay of the Moorish bloodhound breaks upon his ear, cold drops of agony start from his brow, and despair freezes up his soul, as one by one his relentless foes approach. To escape is impossible, and as a last forlorn hope he fixes the attention of their savage leader, and gives the grand hailing-sign of distress. It is answered, not by the bloodthirsty Moor, but by the physician, who at that moment entered and hurried to his side. The doctor himself was an Odd-Fellow, and found indeed a brother, but one whose reason had departed. By means of the most powerful remedies he at length succeeded in restoring the sufferer to a state of consciousness, but left not his side until he had heard Edward's sad history. After providing every thing in his power for the comfort of his patient and brother, he hastened home, and sought the few but dauntless members of the Fraternity who, with himself, had but just accomplished the establishment of a Lodge in the neighborhood. The story was soon told, and the usual arrangements of the Brotherhood for such occasions were quickly completed. From that time forward the bed of the sufferer

was surrounded by kind and unwearying friends, who watched his slightest wish with eyes of affection; and deep and sincere were the prayers breathed for his recovery. But the Almighty had ordained otherwise. For a fortnight Edward lingered on the verge of the grave; and then, with a half-uttered blessing of the beloved Order on his lips, his gentle spirit took its flight to a better world.

Strange and solemn indeed was the scene presented at the funeral of the stranger. His simple but affecting story had, without becoming food for gossip, been circulated from mouth to mouth; and the enemies of the Order were not long in discovering that this was a case in which the pompous and high-sounding professions of its members would be put to the test. This, perhaps, even more than the sudden death of the youth, drew from all parts of the country the staid and grave but observant yeoman. The order of the ceremonies was without question yielded to the Fraternity. The house of the farmer being too small to contain those who had assembled, the corpse was conveyed to a grove of stately elms, where it was placed upon the bier, and the villagers slowly approached and took in silence a last look of the deceased.— This over, they fell slowly back, until the rector of the parish approached, who, after gazing for a few moments upon the features, calm, and

lovely even in death, turned to the mournful assembly, and called upon them to unite with him in prayer. Instantly every knee was bent, and the pious clergyman poured forth the feelings of his heart in the almost inspired language of the legate of the skies, calling upon God to bless this occasion to all present, and so enable them to live that they might, like the wanderer who had gone before them, depart, at the bidding of death, with the happy certainty of a blessed immortality beyond the grave. The fervent amen which arose from his listeners, as he concluded, attested the earnestness with which they joined in his supplications. A silence of a few moments ensued, and then the members of the Order, rendered conspicuous by their collar and apron of spotless white, with the badge of crape upon the arm and a sprig of evergreen in their bosoms, formed in reversed order and preceded the corpse, which was borne upon the shoulders of four brethren to its last resting-place. The villagers respectfully joined the procession and accompanied it to the grave, at which they halted, and the corpse was carried through the uncovered rank of the brethren and tenderly lowered to the earth. The chaplain of the Lodge then performed the sublime funeral service of the Order, and recounting the many virtues of the deceased brother, called upon them to imitate therein his example of patience and fortitude under misfortunes,

and exhorted them to go on in the paths of duty and affection, relieving the distressed and healing the sorrows of the broken-hearted, regardless alike of the smiles of prosperity or the frowns of adversity. When he had concluded, the coffin was closed for the last time and deposited in the grave. Each brother then approached and dropped his branch of evergreen on the coffin-lid, mentally murmuring a parting benediction as he passed. This over, the grave was filled with the soft earth, and the green sods were carefully placed on it by the weeping brethren. The wondering villagers slowly retired to their homes, and the scene they that day witnessed sank deep into their hearts, and went far to break up and remove the film of prejudice through which some of them had viewed the professions of Odd-Fellowship.

New York, August, 1843

SISTER KATE.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

My sister Kate hath sought a song from me ;
And fain am I to please my sister Kate ;
But so it is—I scarce know why—of late
My muse is lazier than she used to be.

In earlier life she was a colt untamed—
She scorn'd the bridle and she champ'd the bit ;
Ofttimes, unheeding reason, sense, and wit,
She threw her rider, till his pride was lamed ;
Yet now, though e'en my Katy seeks the gift
Of one poor verse, my muse will scarcely stir
To win a wreath of amaranth for her
To twine around her heart, and when the drift
Of winter's snow my silent breast shall cover,
To tell her that the sleeper there with brother's love
did love her.

Philadelphia, August, 1843.

THE PLEASURES OF DOING GOOD.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

"If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all our hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil."

To promote the happiness of those around him, to relieve the distressed, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to instruct the ignorant, and pour the balm of consolation into the bosom of the widow and the orphan, constitutes the highest dignity of man, and stamps upon his character the brightest resemblance of the Deity. This is the object, the end, the very destiny of his creation. For this purpose he is endowed with the elevated powers of rationality, and all the charms of the social affections. This is the grand design of his being ; and so far as he acts in conformity to this design, so far is he an object of divine complacency, and deserves the approbation of his fellows. It is for this end that men unite in society, and enter into all the associa-

tions of civilized life. And, whatever men may think of one another, he who does the most good, he who scatters around him on every side the blessings of enjoyment, and makes this the chief object of his toils, his studies, and his sufferings, is viewed by the omniscient eye of God as the most meritorious and deserving. Under a sense of the correctness of these remarks an Association has been formed, a Society has been established, bearing the somewhat singular though dignified and illustrious name of ODD-FELLOWS."

In ages past, in years gone by, men, seeing the wretchedness and the woes of humanity, united together for the benevolent purposes of their alleviation. When the eye wept, when the bosom hove with unutterable anguish, when the poor and the afflicted in their solitary cabin were pining with hunger, and feeding upon their morsel of bread, it was their happiness and joy to wipe away the falling tear and to relieve their wants. When they saw the stranger, linked with them by the bonds of a sacred brotherhood, borne down by the pressure of misfortune, crushed by the weight of unavoidable calamities, brooding over the wreck of departed joys, it was their purest pleasure to relieve his wants, take him by the hand, and lead him back to the blessings of enjoyment and peace. To scatter the clouds that darkened the vision of the hapless, to span the rainbow of benevolence over the gloomy scene

presented to his view in the firmament of this world, and calm the agitations of his tumultuous bosom, is the prerogative, the object, the duty, the governing principles of the Odd-Fellows' fraternal association. With this honored name stands connected every thing that exalts, ennobles, and dignifies the character of man. They believe, they feel, they know that this is the grand object of their creation; and ever find it their glory, wherever misery is found, not only to profess, but to *act* on all occasions in conformity to these elevated and godlike principles: principles that are calculated, when carried into legitimate operation, to make the earth, filled with misery and wo, again smile and rejoice like a renovated Eden. The principles which bind the association of Odd-Fellows together constitute them a green oasis in the great desert of a suffering world, on which the eye of the afflicted rests with peculiar pleasure, and to which the hand is stretched out with an assurance of finding relief in a day of trouble. Mutual benevolence is the chain whose golden links bind their hearts together and prompt them to go forward, with sleepless eye and untiring step, in the extended circle of human philanthropy. While good is to be done to their fellows—while one of their associates is to be reclaimed from his wanderings—while another, destitute of bread, is to be fed—and still another, cold and shivering, is to be

warmed—they go forward with a benevolence that knows no limits but creation, no end but the duration of time, no cessation but with the last pulsation of their throbbing hearts. Difficulties in the prosecution of their philanthropic labors they may meet, and do meet ; barriers may oppose their march in the way of duty ; the world may frown, and the ignorant may sneer ; but all these complicated obstacles, instead of damping their ardor, serve only to nerve their arm, and inspire their hearts with a still loftier and nobler zeal in the performance of their labor of love. As a sacred Brotherhood, they taste a joy celestial in its origin, pure in its development, and sublime in its consummation. He who is a stranger to this, is a stranger to the holiest fountain of earthly enjoyment. He who knows not and feels not the pleasures derived from doing good, was born in vain, and still continues ignorant of the prime object of his existence. He lives to himself, forgetful of the sufferings of the world around him, unacquainted with the warm and glowing sympathies that burn perpetually, like the fire of Vesta, on the heart that beats in the bosom of every Odd-Fellow. He scarcely deserves to be recognised as a partaker of the nature of humanity.

Though a female, and excluded by my sex from becoming a co-worker in your labors of love, still, so high is the opinion I have of the be-

nign principles imbodyed in the organization of your Fraternity, and which impel you on to a course of charitable deeds, that had I a dozen brothers, and as many sons, I would say to them all, with the warm feelings of a sister or a mother's heart—Do yourselves the honor and the happiness to unite with the I. O. of O. F., and join with them in the imitation of the sublime example of Him who while on earth went about doing good, and whose whole life was the most illustrious personification of a disinterested benevolence the world ever beheld.

Sag-Harbor. August, 1843.

PLAIN WORDS TO THE BROTHERHOOD.

BY PASCHAL DONALDSON.

BRETHREN, think me not presumptuous ;—*read* these Words ; they are *Plain Words*, but well-intended ;—if any one shall “take them home,” let him blame me, if he choose ; the fault is not mine, but his.

Let such a one recollect what he promised when he crossed the threshold of his Lodge. Has he, since that hour, “wronged his brother ?”

We may afford to be hypercritical in this matter. Let us look at it.

We must not wrong our brother in his *business*.

It is proper for us to charge a fair profit for our goods, and a fair remuneration for our labor. No one can reasonably expect another to abate his profit, on the bare ground of Brotherhood ; for we have no right to injure ourselves and our families to benefit even an Odd-Fellow in this way ; and he who demands or receives such abatement, on such grounds, cannot claim to be a consistent member of this Fraternity. But

when an Odd-Fellow, in any bargain he may make with another, takes advantage of his brother's ignorance or confidence, and thereby obtains from him more than can be fairly and honorably claimed, he violates his sacred pledge, and abuses the principles of Odd-Fellowship. Can a person repeatedly do this, in the face of his solemn obligation, and yet be a good Odd-Fellow? Do we look with feelings of horror on the man, who, regardless of his vows, so far violates them as to expose the *secrets* of the Order?—do we spurn him from us, as a wretch whose society all highminded and honorable men shun? Most assuredly we do, and justly so; but has *he* been guilty of a more serious offence than that committed by the individual, no less careless of his word, who has wronged, or *cheated*, him to whom he should be bound by those sacred ties which are our glory and our boast?

But such wrong is of small importance, when contrasted with that which affects, not a brother's pocket, but his *good name*. Of all the vile progeny of Satan which have been let loose among men, *slander* is the most ruinous and wicked. "Hell cannot boast so foul a fiend, nor man deplore so fell a foe. Slander stabs with a word,—a nod—a shrug—a look—a smile. It is the pestilence walking in darkness, spreading contagion far and wide, which the most pure cannot always avoid. Slander is the heart-searching

dagger of the assassin,—it is the poisoned arrow, whose wound is incurable. It is as mortal as the venom of the spotted adder: Murder is its employment, and Ruin its sport. Against it there is no defence. It ruthlessly assails the pure and the good, and fiendishly, and without excuse, robs them of that which is dearer than life.” Brethren, let us recollect that a sneer or an inuendo, against a member of our Order, expressed or uttered to others in his absence, may cause a wrong to him which no repentance can repair. Let us not forget that an Odd-Fellow is our counterpart,—one who has equal rights with ourselves, who is, or should be, partaker alike of our joys and our sorrows. We shall not then deliberately harm him who has so strong a claim to our affection,—we shall not act the part of *cowards*, and, when darkness conceals us, stab him in his tenderest part;—but we will, rather, defend him when he is assailed,—protect him from the poisonous darts of the slanderer,—spurn the wretches who unjustly attack him,—and his good name shall be dear to us as the apple of our own eye.

We may wrong our brother by unkindness. A word harshly spoken, or an unpleasant look, may produce a pang that shall wring his heart. Some men are stoical; they can listen to invective and bitterness, and appear to feel perfectly at ease. You may be as sarcastic—as insulting—as offen-

sive as you please; but they manifest a calmness that would have been creditable, under similar circumstances, to Zeno himself. But all are not like these. There are some whose feelings will be hurt even by a look; and a sneer or a sarcasm pains them beyond expression. Insult them, even slightly, and you bring tears to their eyes. We cannot be too careful of our brother's feelings. In our Lodge-rooms, especially, it behooves us to exercise great caution, lest, in our remarks, we wound a brother, and thus wrong him without even intending it.

We may wrong an Odd-Fellow by being careless of his welfare. If we see him running into danger, and fail to warn him, and the calamity overtake him, we are to blame. It is our duty, not merely to apprise our brother of an evil that we see approaching him, but to do all we can to *avert* that evil. As Odd-Fellows, we are bound to watch over—to guard—to protect each other, from *prospective* as well as from immediate danger. We are to be united, *in reality*, by those bonds which must be severed only by death, the bonds of Friendship, Love, and Truth. If we break this chain, we not only wrong our brother, but bring a *reproach* on our Institution, which will prove, in the hands of our opponents, an argument against us.

But we may wrong our own Lodge. And we may wrong other Lodges,—by *selfishness*—by

confining our good offices to the members of *our* Lodge. Odd-Fellows are *one* family; and every worthy man who proves himself a brother—whether he belong to “ours” or to the most distant Lodge in the universe—whether he be poor or rich, or countryman or foreigner—is entitled to our protection and care. This is a fundamental principle of our Order; it is one of its most beautiful characteristics; and the Odd-Fellow who does not perceive, that, if this principle be forgotten, our chain must break, and our Fraternity become a chaos, has not well learned some of his first lessons. I know it is to be expected that men will have their preferences; every one naturally feels most interest in his own Lodge, and no just complaint can be made that such is the case; but let us take heed that we do not carry this spirit of preference so far as to forget that we are united to our brethren who assemble in other places by links which must never be severed. A greater calamity could not befall our Association than that which would assuredly overtake it if the *local* preferences of its members should lead to strife and disunion.

But, how may we wrong our own Lodge? Brethren, when we contemplate the rapid increase of a Fraternity which we sincerely love and highly prize, we naturally feel a degree of pleasure and pride in its success, and desire to see its blessings extend to our fellow-men

throughout the globe. I say it is natural, and proper, and reasonable that we should cultivate such feelings as these ; and it is right for us to exert our utmost endeavors to disseminate the principles of our Order, and lead men to embrace and profit by them. But while it is correct thus to promote the interest of mankind, it is also important that we be extremely cautious, lest the very means we employ to advance should have the contrary effect of retarding our efforts. The remark which has frequently been made, by intelligent Odd-Fellows, that our Order may increase *too fast*, is not so idle as many would at first thought imagine. We not only may increase too fast, but in this day, when the Order has become popular, there is great *danger* of it—danger to ourselves, as well as to a good and praiseworthy cause. The name Odd-Fellow, uncouth as it sounds in polite ears, is one which, now, few persons would be unwilling to receive. Intelligent men of all classes, from the laboring mechanic to the man of leisure and wealth, are crowding into our ranks, and *bad* as well as good men are continually offering themselves as candidates for admission among us.

But you ask, How are we thus in danger? Why is a rapid increase of numbers likely to be detrimental to the interests of our Fraternity? I answer, the danger is one of which every Odd-Fellow is aware—one of which, too, he is re-

peatedly apprised ;—it is that of allowing unworthy persons to become members of our Lodges. Of course, the more rapid our increase is, the more likely it becomes that some worthless characters will find access among the many, and that they will bring others with them, until Odd-Fellowship may be cursed with a host of wretches who have been driven from all respectable society except that of the members of this Order. Brethren, will not such a misfortune bring merited and lasting disgrace upon us ? Will not the reflecting world say, If these are your associates, we have no confidence in you ? It is a fact, which is not to be evaded or denied, that these evils have in some places overtaken us. An impression is even now quite prevalent that our rapid increase and success have been the results of extraordinary exertions. Our foes have sneeringly said that the anxiety of Odd-Fellows to swell their numbers and strengthen their ranks has been such that they have in many instances willingly received persons of grossly bad character, and that hence many good men avoid us. And, humiliating as the acknowledgment is, these charges are *true*. 'Bad men *are* among us !—How came they here ? Why, to our shame be it spoken, they have entered within the sacred walls of Odd-Fellowship by the commendation of *brothers* !

It is true, also, that worthless men have found

their way into this Order through the instrumentality of members who mean well, but who are exceedingly imprudent. There are some persons among us, who, in their excessive zeal for the cause of Odd-Fellowship, are forever coaxing and persuading men to connect themselves with it; and they have discovered their mistake when it was too late to atone for it. Now, I have no hesitation in affirming, that such interest in behalf of a good cause, from however pure *motive* it may proceed, is, to say the least of it, a blind zeal, which aims to benefit an undeserving individual at the hazard of wronging hundreds of deserving ones. It is a zeal which should be discouraged by all who have the good of our Institution at heart; and it is not too much to say, that he who perseveres in the practice of forcing persons into the Order, almost without their consent, deserves a severe reprimand from his Lodge. If the principles of Odd-Fellowship, clearly defined and published to the world as they have been, are not sufficiently persuasive—if a person cannot appreciate them for their own merits' sake—if he be not inclined to embrace them, unless *urged* to do so—the chances are ten to one against his becoming a useful member of our Fraternity.

What shall I say to such as are in the habit of wheedling candidates into our Lodges by placing before them pecuniary inducements?—

to those who make dollars and cents an only argument in favor of Odd-Fellowship?—to those brothers who wrong their Lodge by introducing such as have no better motive for connecting themselves with us than a wish to share in the loaves and the fishes? “Oh, when you are sick,” say they to the candidate, “you shall receive so much per week; *and when you die*, the Odd-Fellows will bury you!” How can any one honestly believe that a high-minded man will be dragged into our Society through such contemptible motives as these? How can he for a moment suppose that a person who respects himself will become an Odd-Fellow solely for the sordid purpose of gaining a few weeks’ benefits during his life, and a coffin and shroud at his death? No *man* will connect himself with us through such paltry inducements. If they should be proposed to him, he would feel himself insulted; he would say, If these are your arguments—if you gain strength and influence by means of such incitements—your “Order” must be a contemptible affair. This practice of inducing individuals to unite with us by promises of pecuniary gain, cannot be too severely rebuked. It is our duty as Odd-Fellows at all times to discourage and decry it. Persons who join us with these views are frequently such as care for nobody—but themselves. The true principles of our Institution are things with which they are

not, and with which they do not wish to be acquainted. They probably come to their Lodge once in three months, and then only to pay their dues. They are "dead weights," too intolerable to be borne, and Odd-Fellowship would be a thousand times more useful and valuable if they should forsake it entirely. Instead of urging others of similar character to unite with us, it would be much better for ourselves and the Order to discourage them from it, by every argument we can bring, to prevent their admission into our Lodges.

You see, from these remarks, that our Association has not only been, but is still exposed to a serious danger. Brethren, you are bound to exercise the utmost watchfulness over the interests of our Fraternity. Numbers in your Lodge may increase rapidly enough to satisfy any reasonable person, and still no unworthy candidate need be proposed. And, if such should be proposed, you, and you only, have the power to prevent his admission, and to avert these evils of which I have been speaking. Will you hesitate to exercise that power? No! I am persuaded you will not. While you love and honor your Lodge—while you pray for its success—while you glory in its excellence and its usefulness, you will most carefully guard it from harm, by keeping it as pure as the Order is honorable. You will suffer no partiality for your friend,

whoever he may be, to induce you to recommend him to the privileges of Odd-Fellowship, unless you are fully satisfied that he will be a credit to it,—for you will remember that your *brethren* must be protected from the stigma which his introduction would cast upon them.

Let me here say, also, that he who creates strife and dissension among the brethren of a Lodge is tenfold more dangerous to our prosperity than all our enemies combined. He does his brothers most grievous wrong: for discord is a most potent evil, more powerful in its influence and surer in its effects than the fiercest attacks of our persevering outward opponents. The motto, so familiar to every one, "united we stand, divided we fall," is peculiarly applicable to our Fraternity. The opposition of our external foes will do us little harm, while we are united; but if we suffer a spirit of disunion to creep into our assemblies—if we allow strife and dissension to prevail among us—our enemies will find us vulnerable at every point. I would not suppress debate—far from it; but I would suppress asperity, and denunciation, and angry words. I believe that brothers may oppose each other most heartily, and yet utter no acrimonious remark. They may disagree, and still love as brethren should love. Odd-Fellowship teaches them this: if they follow her instructions, they will prosper; but if they disregard them, and

become *wranglers*, they will assuredly burst their bonds in sunder, and raze their temples to the ground.

But as Odd-Fellows we owe certain duties to our fellow-men. Let us speak of these. The impression, too generally prevalent, that our good offices are circumscribed to the assistance which we render our afflicted brethren, is erroneous.—We should repudiate such a misconstruction of our objects, and claim a higher motive for the propagation of our principles than the mere alleviation of physical suffering. We should claim that a prominent design of Odd-Fellowship is to *unite* men, and by blending their interests, make them happier and better than they can be while they are separated by jarring and opposite views. This erroneous opinion, that we never aid those who are out of the pale of our Institution, may be removed by our example. We must be men of benevolence and charity, and so far as our circumstances admit, relieve the needy wherever they are found. We should “remember the poor,”—THE POOR, who are constantly crossing our path. Pining Want, and pinching Poverty, and shivering forms, stare us in the face at every corner. The beggar-child, its little hands frozen with cold, and its baby-like countenance languid with long-fasting, comes every day to our doors, and craves the crumbs that fall from our tables. Odd-Fellow, can you refuse that unhappy child

a mouthful of food?—will you drive it from your comfortable fireside, to starve, perhaps to die? You have never felt the pangs of hunger and cold yourself, and cannot appreciate those sufferings; but if you follow the precepts of the Society to which you are attached, you will not *hesitate* to relieve them. Of course, the needy members of our Lodge will be the objects of our care; we will remember in their need our brother's widow and orphans: but we should not stop here, and suppose there is nothing further for us to do. Nor must we excuse ourselves from giving relief on the plea that the person who asks it may be an impostor. We cannot reasonably believe that the beggar is an impostor, when he devours with eagerness the crust of bread we give him. This fear of imposition too often leads men astray. I have seen a poor cripple spurned and derided by individuals who had no reason to doubt his actual need; he affirmed, with bitter tears, that his children were famishing, and that he could not get food for them; but he was answered by a heartless sneer, and told to go to the poorhouse. Yet these same persons, who thus advised him, would not have raised a finger to help him even to an asylum in that wretched place.

Let us not, however, suppose that charity consists in merely giving alms when an importunate beggar comes in our way. The bestow-

ment of a pittance on the wretch pinched with want is often the result of importunity ; for there are those, who, like the unjust judge who neither feared God nor regarded man, will give a trifle to the mendicant, not particularly for his good, but with a view to rid themselves of the annoyance of his entreaties. But he who is truly charitable can be actuated by no such feelings as these. He looks on suffering humanity as the object of his care, and is glad of any opportunity to relieve the destitute ; yet he does not feel that his duties end even here. He knows that charity is that spirit which not only worketh no ill, but is constantly striving to do mankind all possible good—that spirit which aims to remove all causes of unhappiness—which watches with anxious eye a threatened ill, and throws up its protecting hand to avert an impending danger—which hesitates not to step aside from its ordinary path to warn the object of its care of evils that may be, by such warning, avoided—which throws its broad mantle over the faults and failings of humanity, and seeks excuses for those frailties. He knows, in a word, that charity is a virtue, which, if its promptings were universally heeded, would lead men to follow the golden rule of “doing to others as they would they should do to them”—a virtue which would transform this wretched world into a paradise, and unite the human family in the bonds of Friendship and Truth.

Such, my brothers, is the charity which Odd-Fellows should possess—such is the corner-stone of our Institution. With Friendship, *Charity*, and Truth, for our guides, no power on earth can harm us. If we possess this divine principle, and practise it in our dealings with each other and the world, we shall perform every duty we owe to our neighbor. The man whose motto is Charity, cannot be malicious, or selfish, or avaricious; he cannot be dishonest, or a slanderer, or devoid of feeling; he cannot “grind the faces of the poor,” and manifest in his conduct to others that heartlessness which characterizes the wretch who is wrapped up in self. He who is guilty of any of these vices, and yet claims to be charitable on the ground that he gives the beggar an occasional penny, would do well to study the meaning of the term. “Charity,” says St. Paul, “suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; she seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; charity *never* faileth.” It is clear, therefore, that, if we are men of charity, as our Order says we must be, we shall neither wrong our brother nor our fellow-man.

New York, 1843.

WILL YOU GO ?

WILL you go, Robby Wright, on the donkey with me,
And see all the fine ships by the side of the sea ?
Through the tall trees, like those round our garden
that blow,

Will the pretty birds sing their blithe songs as we go.
On the roadside are flowers, red, yellow, and blue ;
There are bumblebees plenty, and butterflies too.

Then, Rob, 'tis so nice on the donkey to ride,
With our Charley, while Andrew is trotting beside !
Should we meet some young robins, he'll try, I
engage,

To catch one alive to take home to your cage ;
Or a nest if we see, won't he lift you on high,
Till you peep at the eggs, while old Robin 's not
nigh ?

All the people and things, then, to market that go,
Carts and horses all trotting and rattling so,
Boys and girls, men and women, and donkeys like
"Bride,"

With baskets, like pockets of fruit, by their side !—
When we get to the city, though ! then, Robby
Wright,

I'll bring you in earnest to look at a sight !
There are windows chock full of guns, swords, bows
and arrows,
Drums, fifes, bugles, jewsharps, horse-carts, and
wheelbarrows,

Dolls, tops, whistles, whips, rattles, dogs, and a thing
You'll make dance, arms and legs, just by pulling a
string !

But at Cousin Ben's house I don't know all you'll see :
He has a parrot, and rabbits, and doves, to give me :
And, besides, a droll monkey,—they brought him
from Spain,—

Who'll crack all your nuts : you'll not get them again.
He had guinea-pigs too, but aunt gave them away ;
They ate holes in the drawing-room carpet one day.
He has a fine rocking-horse, on whose back you can
climb ;

And two, if they choose, can sit there at a time :
And other fine things, that I don't mind, beside :—
Will you go, Robby Wright—will you go for a ride ?

Will you go with Charles, Rob, on the donkey, and ride
To the city, all down by the sunny sea-side ?
But come first and take leave of the lambkin ; then
Give a farewell, last look, at the young rabbits' pen :
The canary-bird, squirrel, and owl, that's so blind,
And poor Cæsar and Pompey, you're leaving behind :
Kiss Augustus and Maud :—but poor ma 'll sit alone ;
O what will she do when her Robby is gone !
Who'll hang on her neck in the summer-house then,
And kiss her so sweetly, and love her again ?
Who sleep by her side ?—while she thinks him so near,
How sad will she feel when no Robby is there !
No ! no ! they can't take him !—he'll not go !—
ha ! ha !—

Good-by, Brother Charles ; Robby won't leave
mama.

New York, August, 1843.

LOVE.

BY THOMAS W. RENNE.

"Did universal Charity prevail, earth would be a heaven
and hell a fable."—LACON.

How few the sighs, how few the tears,
On earth would rise or fall,
If, where cold Self now blights and sears,
Love held his festival!

Not then should Plenty o'er the earth
Shake out her lap, and smile,
Beckoning the world to feast and mirth—
To mock the sons of toil.

Not then should God his gifts bestow,
For half the world in vain,
And the spent reaper famished bow
Amid the waving grain.

Not then in lordly halls should Pride
Unfeeling revel keep,
And the faint mother, close beside,
Go starving to her sleep.

Not then should Av'rice, with keen eye,
Tell o'er its useless gold,
And the lone widow friendless sigh
In nakedness and cold.

Not then should Wealth, with heart of stone,
Stride blind and deaf along,
Nor heed the supplicating tone,
Nor right the orphan's wrong.

Oh! did Love reign—as it shall reign—
With universal sway,
Sorrow and sighing, grief and pain,
Should flee from earth away.

New York, August, 1843.

THE SICK MAN'S DREAM.

BY REV. B. B. HALLOCK.

THE wintry winds sighed through the naked tree ;
My couch was lighted by the moon's pale beam ;
The starlight glistened o'er the snow-clad lea :
" I had a dream,—it was not all a dream."

Strong roseate Health had laid him down, and
slept,
And meek Content lay snugly in his bed ;
Pale, wan Despair his midnight vigils kept,
And fitful Guilt new pangs of horror bred.

A giant form in dark and fearful mood,
With upraised, and penetrating eye,
Upon my struggling, panting bosom stood,
And sternly said, " To-morrow thou shalt die."

My laboring frame contended with its might,
And strove to keep within its vital breath ;
My swollen eyes refused their wonted sight ;
" Tell me, my soul," cried I, " can this be death ?"

My tender wife looked on me all her soul,
And pressed my little cherub to her heart ;—
Can prayers and tears the tyrant Death control ?
Can mortals 'scape the keenness of his dart ?

Ere my last breath had mingled with the air,
And life had perished 'neath the monster's tread,
Behold, a comely Nymph divinely fair
Stole soft as morning's dawn close to my bed !

"I come," said she, "not to destroy the foe,
Or change high Heaven's immutable decree ;
For who but God, of all above, below,
From sin and death can set the captive free ?

"I sooth and comfort him I cannot save
From death, that comes in flood, and war, and flame ;
I twine the laurelled emblem round his grave ;
I dwell with Virtue,—FRIENDSHIP is my name."

Methought the lovely nymph had scarcely said
Her words of kindness in my listless ear,
A grateful charm they o'er my spirit spread,
And quelled the rage of each corroding fear.

I yearned with agony my thanks to pay
To the fair maiden, ere away she sped,
When a bright vestal, clad in white array,
Stood side to side with Friendship near my bed.

Though the thick mists of death had dimmed mine
eyes,
And dire disease forbade my tongue to move,

I knew she was an angel from the skies ;
Among the sons of earth, her name is LOVE.

But not alone she came in robes of light ;
There stood beside her an immortal youth
Who sits enshrined in everlasting right,
To vindicate to man the name of TRUTH !

Then I awoke, and blessed the waking hour,
Resolved, whate'er my destined lot might be,
To gain from "Friendship, Love, and Truth," the
power
To mount on wings of Faith, oh God, to thee !

New York, 1843.

SCENES FROM "CATHARINE HOWARD,"

A DRAMA:

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BY J. L. JEWETT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY VIII., <i>King of England.</i>	<i>Keeper of the Tower of London.</i>
ETHELWOOD, <i>Duke of Durham.</i>	CATHARINE HOWARD.
<i>Count of Sussez.</i>	<i>The Princess MARGARET.</i>
SIR JOHN SCOTT of Thiristane, <i>Ambassador of James V.</i>	KENNEDY, <i>Nurse of Catharine Howard.</i>
SIR THOMAS CRANMER, <i>Archbishop of Canterbury.</i>	<i>Dutchess of Rokeby. Dutchess of Oxford.</i>
JACK FLEMING, <i>an Alchymist.</i>	<i>Pages to the King. A Page to the Duke of Durham.</i>
<i>Lord Chamberlain.</i>	<i>Lords. Ladies of Honour.—</i>
<i>President of the Chamber of Peers.</i>	<i>Guards of the King.</i>
<i>Duke of Norfolk, Lieutenant General.</i>	<i>Scotch Nobles in the suite of Sir John Scott.</i>
<i>The Executioner.</i>	<i>A Captain of the Guards.</i>
<i>An Usher.</i>	<i>A Register. The Town Crier.</i>

SCENE,—England in 1542.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*The Reception Hall in the Palace of Whitehall. The**LORD CHAMBERLAIN, awaiting the rising of the King.**The DUKE OF NORFOLK, entering: afterward, SIR THOMAS CRANMER.**Duke of Nor.* My lord chamberlain!*Lord Cham.* My lord?*Duke of Nor.* Where is his majesty?*Lord Cham.* In his bedchamber with the grand chancellor.*Duke of Nor.* Is nothing changed in the ceremony of his rising?*Lord Cham.* Nothing, my lord.*Duke of Nor.* Thanks: I will await him here.

[*To the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, entering.*

Welcome, my lord of Canterbury.

Sir Thom. Good-day, my lord.

Duke of Nor. What news from Rome, my lord archbishop?

Sir Thom. What news from Scotland, my lord lieutenant-general?

Duke of Nor. Are we still embroiled with St. Peter?

Sir Thom. Are we yet at fault with king James?

Duke of Nor. As much at fault as the archangel Michael with Satan. You are apprized that the king returned two days since from York. His majesty passed six days there, vainly awaiting his hair-brained nephew, who, at the end of the time, sent him I know not what poor excuse. His majesty has returned to London in a fury.

Sir Thom. The news from Rome is hardly better than that from Scotland.

Duke of Nor. Excommunicated, is't not so? king and kingdom, lords and commons?

Sir Thom. Precisely: but you doubtless know that we are not behindhand with St. Peter. An assembly of nineteen prelates and twenty-five doctors yesterday issued a declaration which rejects the dominion of the pope, acknowledging him to possess none but purely spiritual power, no other title than that of Bishop of Rome, and proclaiming king Henry VIII. of England the supreme head of the faith. The affair, I fear, as well as that with king James, involves a mortal war.

Duke of Nor. Less dangerous, however, you will admit: the papal thunders no longer batter down thrones.

Sir Thom. No, but they still light funeral piles.

Duke of Nor. Which this war with Scotland will not extinguish. My lord, there is a James V. in the excommunication of the Pope, and there is a papal excommunication in the declaration of war of James V., for assure yourself that his marriage with Mary

of Guise, and his acceptance from Paul III. of the title of Defender of the Faith, is indeed a declaration of war.

Lord Cham. Hush, my lord! the king speaks very loud.

Duke of Nor. Silence! here is her highness the princess Margaret.

Sir Thom. Who is the young lord that attends her?

Duke of Nor. Lord Sussex, who has come from France to obtain the inheritance of his father, and the place left vacant by his death in the high chamber.

SCENE II.

The preceding. The Princess MARGARET, Count Sussex, Ladies of Honor, Lords in the suite of the Princess.

Sussex. When first I saw the Dutchess d'Etampe, at the court of Francis First, she wore a dress of precisely the same stuff as that of your highness.

Margaret. You have a good memory, my lord, and, if our gracious brother and sovereign permit, we will make you grand master of our wardrobe. This stuff came indeed from beyond sea. Henry received it, with other presents sent him by the king of France, as a pledge of friendship; and he has given it me by the same title. Health to my lord of Canterbury; good-day, my lord.

[*The Duke of Norfolk and the Archbishop bow.*]

Sussex, (after saluting them slightly.) As a pledge of friendship, said you? That vexes me, madam. We were promised, however, by my lords of Guise and Montmorency, that this friendship should not continue always.

Duke of Nor. How! do you wish to embroil us with France, count?

Sussex. We shall do our utmost for that, my lord lieutenant; our neighbors have not forgotten the battle of the Spurs, and the foothold that Henry pre-

serves at Calais makes them hope he will not tarry again to cross the sea, to offer them a requital.

Duke of Nor. Unfortunately, my lord, I believe his majesty has work cut out that will prevent his entering into your politic views, profound and advantageous as they may appear. But my lords Montmorency and Guise may traverse the sea in their turn. Two swords as faithful and brave as theirs would not be badly received at this moment, I trow, at the court of king James: and as I hope to count you, my lord, among the captains I shall lead to the frontier, it will be a good occasion, should you wish it, to renew, on the borders of the Tweed, the acquaintance commenced on the banks of the Seine.

Sussex. It shall be as you say, my lord duke, if God or the king interpose no let. There is an old English proverb, that in our island, whenever two sword-blades flash to the sun, by the side of a count of Sussex you may find an empty scabbard.

Sir Thom. An old proverb, as you say, my lord; so old that it begins to be obsolete.

Sussex. Had I been in England at the trial of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, it would, my lord, have resumed new life; and perhaps it had been better, I will not say for my honor, which, thank God, needed not this new lustre, but for that of the king, my lord, and for yours, which I might have saved from a grievous stain.

Sir Thom. If I understand you, my lord, you mean to say you would have defended the queen.

Sussex. Yes, and in two ways.

Sir Thom. May I ask them?

Sussex. In parliament with my voice.

Sir Thom. And if that of the king had imposed silence, as it did upon me?

Sussex. In the lists with my sword.

Marg. My lord, you forget that you speak of Henry, your king, before me, his sister.

Sussex. Pardon, madam; but I saw the eyes of

your highness so inattentive, that I hoped the sound of my voice would not reach your ear.

Marg. My lord, since God of his grace has granted my brother a son, I have lost all chance of succeeding to the throne of England, and therefore all desire to instruct myself in the arts of war and government. Were the case otherwise, be assured I should have listened with the deepest interest to the belligerent discussion between yourself and the archbishop.

Sussex. Alas! madam; if the words I have uttered, insignificant as they are, had come from the lips of one I could name, your highness would now be a rebel: for to instruct herself in the arts of war and government, she would, I fear, have forgotten even the existence of her nephew prince Edward.

Marg. My lord, I know not if the sister of Francis First permits the French knights to make such remarks in her presence, but I do know that if they are repeated before the sister of Henry VIII. she will feel constrained to complain to the king of England!

An Usher, (at the door.) My lord Ethelwood, duke of Durham!

[*Enter Ethelwood.*]

Sussex. You have arrived in good time, my lord, to plead in my favor a cause which I was about to lose at the tribunal of her highness.

Ethel. You are unfortunate, count. You see I have a pardon to obtain for myself: for if I am in time to offer my homage to his majesty, I have arrived too late to lay it at the feet of her highness.

Marg. It is sometimes more easy to pardon the absent than the present; for absence, my lord, incurs but one censure, that of forgetfulness.

Ethel. And that, your highness well knows, it would be unjust to charge upon me. I have been detained at the palace grating by our envoys from Scotland, and the crowd by which they are surrounded.

Duke of Nor. How, my lord, they are there?—

Ethel. Awaiting an audience of his majesty.

[The sound of bagpipes is heard, accompanied with shouts.]

Sussex. Hark! they are giving us a concert.

Duke of Nor. It is the march and war-cry of McLellan.

Sussex. Madam, our lieutenant-general merits the compliment you but lately paid me; for he has, if I mistake not, a better memory than even myself.

Duke of Nor. My lord, believe an old soldier; Then but once you shall have heard that march and cry on the field of battle, you will remember them forever; and more than once, perhaps, you will start from your sleep, pursued by them even in your dreams.

Marg. (to Ethelwood.) These cries and that savage music terrify me, my lord.

[Exit Margaret. King Henry violently opens the door of his bedchamber, and listens a moment in silence.]

SCENE III.

The preceding. HENRY, *folding his arms.*

Henry. By Saint George, gentlemen, heard you not, or was it but a dream, the cry and march of the Scot in the court of Whitehall palace?

Sussex. Sire, he has so often heard the clarions of England in the court of the palace of Stirling!

Henry. You are right, count; but ours is not a music to draw the dead from their tombs. Look! here is my old alchymist Fleming, who has come trembling from his laboratory, to demand of us if he has heard the trumpet of the last judgment.

Fleming. (raising with his head the tapestry of a low vaulted door, and looking about on all sides.) Sire!....

Henry. Come in, my old prophet, it is nothing! nothing but the yelpings of the Scotch fox, which will soon be drowned in the roaring of the English

lion. Cousin of Norfolk, let these Highland cow-herds enter, and demand of them at the same time by our trumpets if they remember the march of Flodden. [*Exit Norfolk.*]

(*Advancing to his throne.*)

Good-day, my sister : welcome, my lords and gentlemen. Come nearer our throne, Sir Thomas of Canterbury ; for we know it is powerful and solid only because it is supported on one side [*extending his hand to Ethelwood*] by the courage of the nobility, [*extending the other to the Archbishop*] and on the other by the learning of the church. [*To the princess Margaret, who is rising.*] Whither away, Margaret ?

Marg. Sire, I came to await your rising, and not to be present at a council of war. I therefore hope you will think that my place

Henry. Should be oftener the council, and less frequently the ball-room. You forget that among us a woman may succeed, and that if any mischance should befall prince Edward

Marg. God will preserve your majesty, I hope, from such a misfortune.

Henry. Count Sussex, attend her highness, and return immediately.

[*Sussex bows and goes out with the princess. The sound of English trumpets is heard in answer to the Scotch bagpipes. King Henry seats himself in an armchair, which serves for a throne.*]

Duke of Nor. (entering.) Sir John* Scott of Thirlstane, envoy of the king of Scotland, solicits the honor of an introduction to the presence of your majesty.

Henry. Let him enter. [*Enter Sir John.*] Welcome, Sir John. We acknowledge to-day your worthiness of the device you have chosen : *Toujours prêt.*

Sir John. And it is above all, sire, when the honor of my prince or my country is concerned, that I am proud to bear, and ambitious to be worthy of it.

Henry. We know, Sir John, you are a brave and loyal servant; and I am as much pleased with the choice of the messenger, as I shall doubtless have cause to be with the message. My nephew acknowledges my rights, does he not? and to give greater publicity to his submission, instead of meeting me at York, where for eight days I waited his coming, to confer secretly upon the political and religious interests of our two kingdoms, he sends me an ambassador, and demands a public audience.

Sir John. Sire, the instructions of my king are precise.

Henry. The better for that!.... Does he consent to adopt the Reformed religion, to destroy the convents of his kingdom, and to acknowledge the pope but as simple Bishop of Rome?

Sir John. Sire, since the third century, Scotland and her king have been Catholic in heart and mind; to them the successor of St. Peter will be ever the vicar of Christ, and people and monarch will remain loyal alike to the faith and the courage of their fathers.

Henry. Well! the alliance of king James with the fanatical family of Guise made me anticipate this first answer to my first question; I shall decide hereafter what weight it should have in the balance of peace and war.

Sir John. We hope your majesty will hold the balance with a hand as just as it is powerful; and that neither the breath of fanaticism nor the counsels of personal interest will be permitted to turn the scale.

Henry. The resolution which I shall form, Sir John, depends less on the reply you have made, than on that you are about to make.

Sir John. I listen with respect to your majesty.

Henry. Now does my nephew, James V., agree to do me homage for the crown of Scotland, as have done, from the year 900, his fathers to my fathers, as did Eric to Edward I, Malcolm to Edward the

Confessor, to William the Conqueror, and to William Rufus? as did Edgar, brother of Malcolm, to Henry I.; David, successor of Edgar, to the empress Matilda; the son of David to Etienne; William his brother, and all the nobility of Scotland, to Henry II., to Richard I., and to king John? a homage which, to invest it with a more sacred character, was at that time rendered publicly on Lincoln Hill, and sworn on the cross of the Archbishop of Canterbury. We well know that this homage, rendered again by John of Baliol to Edward, son of Henry, and by Edward of Baliol to Edward III., was interrupted under the reigns of Richard II. and Henry IV. But this interruption, you are well aware, Sir John, was caused by the civil wars that desolated England under these two sovereigns; and that when Henry V., their successor, commanded the king of Scotland to accompany him as his vassal in his expedition beyond the seas, the king of Scotland obeyed. Let no precedent be drawn from the interruption of this homage under the reign of Richard III. Richard was a usurper, and therefore had no right to demand it. My father, Henry VII., too much occupied with the political and religious factions that agitated the heart of his kingdom to turn his attention outward, exacted not homage of James IV., it is true; but I, Sir John, minister of the celestial wrath, who have drowned rebels in their blood, stifled heretics in the flames, and vanquished the army of the enemy on the field of battle; I who, seeing old England agitated for four centuries by the shock of civil war, and plunged for a thousand years in the night of error, have but stretched my hand over her, as did the Almighty over chaos, to restore peace and light, those divine gifts which have hitherto descended but from heaven,—I will no longer suffer it to be thus. Things shall resume their interrupted course. The people of Scotland owe homage to their nobility, the nobility of Scotland to their king, the king of Scotland to the king of England, and the king of England to God.

Sir John. Pardon, sire, if again I am constrained to make a reply contrary to what your majesty seems to expect. . . . But the homage of the ancient kings of Scotland has never been rendered to the predecessors of your majesty but for the lands they held in England, as the kings of England rendered homage to those of France for the dutchies of Guienne and Normandy. Your majesty is too well read in our common history to confound the homage of the earldom of Huntingdon with that of the kingdom, or the homage of the kings of Northumberland with that of the kings of Scotland. As to what passed under the reign of Baliol, England can draw from it no precedent, since our nobility protested against the act. John Baliol, it is true, did homage to Edward, in acknowledgment for the aid he had received to ascend his throne; but he lost by it the esteem of the nobles and the love of the people; and king James is too much esteemed by the one and loved by the other to expose himself to a similar misfortune.

Henry. Thus my nephew refuses to acknowledge me for his suzerain?

Sir John. He doth refuse.

Henry. And has he weighed the consequences of this refusal?

Sir John. Be they what they may, he has resolved to abide the issue; the kings of Scotland have been wont to wield the sword before wearing the crown.

Henry. Well! Sir John Thirstane, well! We are weary of these homages, sworn and retracted. Listen, then: but now I had contented myself with what I have demanded. Now I am content no longer. The hand of God has placed our two nations far from the other people of the world, face to face in the midst of the ocean, on the same soil, but unequally divided between them. Their only separation is the narrow bed of the Tweed, sufficient to separate two provinces, but not two kingdoms. For a thousand years the purest blood of our two people

has not ceased to redden its shores ; for a thousand years England has had no enemy that has not found an ally in Scotland ; for a thousand years the flame of civil war in Scotland has been fanned by the powerful breath of England ; between the two people there is a hatred which the mother bequeaths to her daughter with her milk, and the father to his son with his sword. Well ! Sir John, this hatred would continue from generation to generation, to the day of final doom, had it not entered the mind of me, Henry of England, that it should cease under my reign ; that homage should not suffice, but conquest ; and that two crowns and two heads were too many by half for a single isle. From to-day henceforth there is no longer a king in England and a king in Scotland, but a king of England *and* Scotland ! You have heard. . . . The God of battles will decide if his name shall be Henry VIII. or James V.

Sir John. Sire, the God of battles is also the God of justice.

Henry. And the proof of it is before your eyes, Sir John. Look to your left : that armor was worn by James IV., who fell dead, with his son, twelve counts, and seventeen barons, on the field of Flodden. Behold upon the cuirass the wound through which entered the sword and escaped the life ! Well ! here I swear, on my crown and my sceptre, with whatever armor you encompass Scotland, and however well it may be tempered, I will make in it a wound that shall drain every drop of rebellious blood from her heart.

Sir John. Ere that can happen, sire, you must destroy the last of her cities, and massacre the last of her children. For myself, your majesty has said that I was worthy of my device : I should dishonor it if I delayed to take instantly my leave ; for I desire, by placing myself at the head of the first soldiers who will march against you, that your majesty shall yourself say, *Toujours prêt.*

Henry. Go, then, Sir John, we will not detain you.

The kings of England have also a device, which they have never permitted to be forgotten; and ere a month shall elapse may it float in letters of flame over cities and towns, till from every corner of Scotland may be read the words, *Dieu et mon droit!* Gentlemen, do honor to the ambassador, not of the king of Scotland, but of our nephew James V. Remain, Lord Ethelwood, I wish to confer with you.

SCENE IV.

HENRY, ETHELWOOD.

Henry, (taking the arm of Ethelwood, and walking with him.) Well, Duke of Durham, what say you to the obstinacy of our nephew?

Ethel. That never king chose an ambassador, if not more respectful, at least more concise in his answers.

Henry. Yes, yes, Sir John is a worthy Scotchman, who has but one fault; that of believing himself still in the times of Robert Bruce and William Wallace, and of thinking that at six centuries distant hearts are the same, because the cuirasses that cover them are similar; he is an ancient statue, placed as a mile-stone on the road of the world, which does not see, with its eyes of stone, the degeneracy of the ages as they succeed each other. Where are the James Douglasses and the Randolphins? In our days they are called Oliver Sinclairs or Maxwells. Alas! my lord, my lord, it is not this war that will whiten one of my hairs, whether I make it in person or send the Duke of Norfolk in my stead. My sword is long and keen, and where it cannot reach I hurl it! It is not that which makes me unhappy, my lord, it is not that. [*He sinks into an arm-chair.*]

Ethel. You unhappy, sire! . . . you, triumphant at home and abroad; you, who, quelling the discords of the white and red roses of York and Lancaster, have seated yourself upon the throne, and placed one foot upon foreign and the other upon civil war; who

have used to astonish France and England the language of God to the waves of the sea : Enough ! Pardon, your majesty, but human ambition must be more vast than the world, since the world cannot satisfy it.

Henry. Duke, it is not the wrath of the winds or the waves, of the tempest or the ocean, that can founder the strong-built vessel. It is the concealed rock whose wound is fatal, because invisible. Yes, I am great and powerful, it is true. Not one of my subjects but envies me, and I at times envy the lot of the meanest subject.

Ethel. You, sire !

Henry. Yes ; a crown and a sceptre will not suffice ; a pillow is needed, on which to repose from their weight. Public life should go side by side with private life ; the grandeur of the palace with the happiness of the fireside. The meanest of my subjects may have a wife and children to love him ; the meanest of my subjects is therefore happier than I.

Ethel. But the queens, your wives, have loved you, sire, and have left you children who love you.

Henry. The queens my wives ? Catharine of Aragon, perhaps, who was betrothed to my brother before becoming my wife,—so heavy a load for my conscience that I was forced to repudiate her ; Anne Boleyn, whose conduct has led her from my bed to the scaffold ; Jane Seymour, an angel descended from heaven, whom jealous heaven has recalled ; Anne of Cleves, who was said to be beautiful and graceful, whom I married from a portrait of Holbein, and who, when she arrived . . . But she has done herself justice in being content with the title of sister. Well ! what remains to me now of my four marriages ? The remembrance of some days of happiness, twenty years of remorse, of shame, and chagrin, two daughters whom the law has declared incompetent to reign, and a son whom God has declared incapable of living.

Ethel. Sire, you are yet young, and a new mar-

rage may give you what hitherto you have failed to attain.

Henry. Yes, and again I am about to tempt my fortune. But this time, my lord, I seek not my wife in sovereign courts or princely houses. I am weary at seeing Europe embroiled with my family quarrels. My divorce from Catharine of Aragon has cost me a war with the Low Countries, Spain, and the empire; and the sending back of Anne of Cleves will stir up against me Hainault, Flanders, and perhaps France. Powerful and isolated as I am in the bosom of the seas, no alliance can increase my strength. My power is within myself. I therefore need a wife; young, that I may be able to love her; beautiful, that she may please me; wise, that I may confide in her. It matters little in what rank of life she may be found. I have taken two ministers, the one from the stall of a butcher, the other from the shop of a blacksmith: a prince royal may yet be born of a vassal.

Ethel. But this treasure of youth, beauty, and innocence, in what country does your majesty intend to seek it?

Henry. If what I am told be true, dear duke, I shall not need to set foot on the continent in the search.

Ethel. Doubtless the protecting genius of old England is guarding for you this predestined virgin in some corner of the kingdom; perhaps in the cave of Fingal or the grotto of Staffa.

Henry. No, my lord: her destiny, brilliant as it is in the future, is less poetic in the past. An old nurse has supplied the place of her deceased parents; she resides three leagues from London, on the borders of the Thames, in a house of beggarly aspect.

Ethel. Sire.... and the name of the damsel is doubtless too profound and important a secret for ears so unworthy as mine.....

Henry. No, cousin; and for what I intend to demand of you, it is important that you should know it. She is called Catharine Howard.

Ethel. (supporting himself against an armchair.) Catharine Howard !....

Henry. Yes, my lord !.... [*smiling*] a very obscure name, is it not ? So obscure that nothing less than the eye of my alchymist Fleming has been able to discover it in this book of God called the earth, among twelve millions of names inscribed on the leaf which is called my kingdom.

Ethel. And how has Fleming discovered it ?

Henry. Oh, in the simplest manner, and without recourse to enchantment or witchcraft. He was seeking in the environs of London for some necessary plant in his chymical operations, when, overtaken by the rain, he solicited a shelter in the isolated house inhabited by this young maiden. So marvellous a treasure surprised him. He knew my intentions, and at his return he spoke to me of her : since then all the combinations of stars and numbers have so well proved to him that she was the woman I needed, young, beautiful, and wise, that the old fool has pledged his head that she unites these three qualities.

Ethel. And has your majesty decided upon a matter of such importance upon the word alone of one whom you term an old fool ?

Henry. No, Duke of Durham : the affair with Anne of Cleves has made us distrustful, and we pledge not again our royal love in advance, without knowing if the woman to whom we intend to offer it be worthy. Yesterday, after the council, guided by our old alchymist, disguised as a knight of the ancient time, without arms or livery, we ascended the Thames in a barge to the place inhabited by the lady of our thoughts.

Ethel. And there....

Henry. There we discovered her, leaning on the arm of an old woman, wandering by the bank of the river—melancholy and pensive, as if she anticipated her high destiny....

Ethel. And.... and Fleming had exaggerated....

Henry. No! Fleming fell short of the truth.... My lord, the beauty of Anne Boleyn, the grace of Jane Seymour....

Ethel. And have you spoken to her?

Henry. No, my lord; for when she saw us rowing towards her, she withdrew. I intended to see her to-morrow, but this war with Scotland is pressing, and deprives me of leisure. I have therefore resolved, my lord, to send you to-morrow in search of her. Choose from among my people such attendance as may please you, and bring the maiden to the princess Margaret, who, at my request, will place her among her ladies of honor.

Ethel. And will your majesty put no longer interval between his rupture with Anne of Cleves and his marriage with Catharine Howard?

Henry. Cousin, how many days went by from the moment that Anne Boleyn mounted the scaffold to that in which Jane Seymour ascended the throne?

Ethel. As many as sufficed to the undertakers to dispose her body in the tomb.... three.

Henry. How many hours elapsed between the disobedience of Norris and the order I gave to punish his fault with death?

Ethel. As many as were necessary for the lord chancellor to travel from the tower of London to Greenwich palace.... two.

Henry. And how many seconds escaped between the announcement of that order and the death of the guilty?

Ethel. As many as it took the headsman to strike a blow with his axe.... one.

Henry. Well answered, my lord: I see you understand the history of my reign.... ponder upon it!

SCENE V.

Ethel. (*He pauses a moment in deep dejection, then, going to Fleming's door, he opens it violently, and calls.*) Fleming! Fleming!

Fleming. (*from his cellar.*) Well!

Ethel. Out of thy kennel, fox of Cornouailles ! . . .
Ascend to the daylight, miscreant ! a Christian would
speak with thee !

Fleming. (*appearing.*) What can I do for your lordship ?

Ethel. I quit the king.

Fleming. God preserve him !

Ethel. It is the prayer of every good Englishman.

Fleming. And I breathe it as often as my eyes and
my thoughts are turned from earth towards heaven.

Ethel. Very well, master ! But his majesty assures me that you content not yourself with uttering in his behalf your own desires, but that your devotion leads you to attempt to accomplish his.

Fleming. I have placed at the service of his majesty the little science I have gained by study. He may dispose of it according to his royal pleasure.

Ethel. Provided his royal pleasure places at thy disposal all the gold of which thy damned hands have need to accomplish thy designs . . . Is't not so ?

Fleming. It is only in decomposing that we learn to compose . . . And when man shall have discovered the secret of God, he will be as powerful as his Maker . . . My lord, I am on the eve of arriving at a great result ! . . .

Ethel. And therefore you are in need of streams of gold, as rivulets are necessary to rivers, and rivers to the ocean ! . . .

Fleming. I need a great deal.

Ethel. And thinkest thou that Henry will supply thy need, for finding him a young, beautiful, and virtuous wife ?

Fleming. Yes, for then when with my rod I strike the throne, as Moses struck the rock, instead of one I shall make two springs to flow.

Ethel. And thy thirst for gold has prevented thee from calculating the peril to which thou exposest thy head, in engaging in a negotiation so hazardous as that of a marriage with Henry, who, of four wives, has already repudiated two and executed one.

Fleming. I have followed the voice of duty, which says, Do this.

Ethel. And has not the voice of prudence warned thee of the fate of Wolsey and Norris?

Fleming. My lord, in my case the issue will not be so fatal.

Ethel. And who has told thee that?

Fleming. Science.

Ethel. Well! science has lied, learned Fleming!

Fleming. How?

Ethel. This marriage cannot be consummated.

Fleming. Why?

Ethel. Because she whom thou hast chosen for the basis of thy calculations.... Catharine....

Fleming. Well....

Ethel. This girl whom thou wishest to espouse to the king, Catharine Howard, is it not?

Fleming. Yes.

Ethel. She is my wife!

Fleming. God's love! I am lost!

Ethel. Yes, Fleming, thou art lost!.... thou knowest the law enacted by Henry after the death of Anne Boleyn.

Fleming. I know it....

Ethel. A law which drags to the same scaffold the queen who has not acknowledged her unworthiness and whoever else has been accessory to the marriage. Ah! thou hast promised him a young, beautiful, and virtuous bride! Catharine is young, beautiful, and virtuous; but thinkest thou the judge of Catharine of Aragon and the executioner of Anne Boleyn will be content with that virtue?

Fleming. But you will avow all, my lord, and he will pardon.

Ethel. Yes, and as a pledge of his pardon, the Dutchess of Durham will be made a lady of honor to the princess Margaret, and the duke sent to make war in the Highlands... No, Fleming, no.

Fleming. Oh! my lord, my lord! have pity upon me!

Ethel. Pity on thee, wretch ! on thee, who, by thy imprudence, hast destroyed the hope of my life ! pity on thee, who hast drawn a dark veil over the visions of my youth ! And who, O God ! who will have pity upon me !

Fleming. Let us exert ourselves, my lord : there may be a way to preserve happiness to you, and life to myself.

Ethel. There is one.

Fleming. One !

Ethel. Hazardous !

Fleming. It matters not.

Ethel. Desperate !

Fleming. Name it.

Ethel. I am charged by the king to seek out Catharine, and bring her to the court.

Fleming. When ?

Ethel. To-morrow.

Fleming. O God !

Ethel. The king must not see her.

Fleming. No, no ! we should be ruined, for he loves her already !

Ethel. Well ! To-night she must die !....

Fleming. My lord, the most subtle poisons....

Ethel. (seizing him.) Villain !

Fleming. Pardon !

Ethel. She must die to the king and the world, but for me—for me alone she must live ! Dost understand ? She must live, and thou shalt answer to me for her life.

Fleming. All that human science may accomplish I will do.

Ethel. Thou hast spoken of poisons !....

Fleming. Yes !

Ethel. Instead of a mortal beverage, canst thou not give me a narcotic potion ? Are there not plants whose juice arrests the blood in the veins, benumbs the heart, and suspends the course of life ? May not sleep be so made to resemble death that the most distrustful eye shall be deceived ? Think ! reflect !

Fleming. My lord, it can be done. A Florentine chronicle relates, that by a similar means a maid of the house of Montague

Ethel. But thou, canst thou compound such a potion?

Fleming. Readily.

Ethel. And answer for its effect

Fleming. With my life.

Ethel. Fleming, if thou performest thy promise

Fleming. I will do it.

Ethel. Thou needest gold, thou sayest. In exchange for that potion I will give thee more than the fire of thy furnaces can melt for the space of a year.

Fleming. Let us descend to my laboratory, my lord.

Ethel. And in an hour

Fleming. You shall ascend from it with the desired philter.

Ethel. One moment, Fleming! you understand me! In this business, with you it is life and death!

Fleming. My life is at your disposal, my lord.

Ethel. Go on! [*They descend together.*]

SCENE VI.

CATHARINE, KENNEDY.

The chamber of Catharine, with side doors, and a door looking out upon the country. A little table covered with fruits: on the opposite side a toilette, surmounted by a Venetian mirror. Catharine enters, leaning upon the arm of her nurse.

Kennedy. Shall we go in so soon, my child?

Catharine. Yes, nurse, it is late.

Ken. The sun has hardly set, and at this hour the horizon is so beautiful, seen from the heights of the mountains!

Cath. (smiling.) Yes, magnificent! but it is the same sun and the same horizon that I saw yesterday! [*she seats herself.*]

Ken. Come, thou art sad again!

Cath. No, Kennedy, but weary of myself.

Ken. Yes, poor child, it is this weariness that pales thy cheeks, that dims thine eyes, and steals thy strength. But how canst thou be weary in the midst of this beautiful country, so green and so rich !

Cath. Indeed, I should think it beautiful if I beheld it for the first time ; but for eighteen years I have seen it every day.

Ken. And I for more than double that time, and yet I am not tired of it. It is because, poor woman that I am, without desire and without ambition, I have always sought happiness in things that I could attain, and never beyond.

Cath. Nurse, all that is beyond our attainment is beautiful ! London ! They tell me it is magnificent. When shall I live in London ?

Ken. Thou wilt be married some day, my child ; thou art too beautiful and too pure not to find a rich and noble husband.

Cath. (*with animation.*) Yes, even so : and then we shall have a palace at London, barges on the Thames, forests where we may hunt the game, a falcon on my hand, followed by valets and pages. Thou shalt be with me—ramble over my lands, and receive the homage of my vassals. Then I shall be weary no more. I shall be beautiful, rich—I shall be powerful. I shall say, I wish it, and all the world will obey me.

Ken. Fool that thou art !

Cath. Ah, Kennedy, if I believed I should always remain thus, in this solitary house, between these suffocating walls, clad in these dresses, and surrounded by this simple furniture, I would rather be laid in my coffin, provided it were covered with a marble monument.

Ken. My child, the dreams of thy imagination sometimes affright me. Abandon not thyself to such thoughts.

Cath. Kennedy, my thoughts are my only happi-

ness, my dreams my only riches.... leave them to me...

Ken. Come, I see thou wishest to be alone, to give thyself up to thy follies. For a year I have perceived that my presence is irksome to thee.

Cath. O, my good mother, thou art deceived, thou art unjust! But when I am alone strange voices whisper in my ear, fantastic shapes pass before my eyes; then all is peopled and animate; the chain of created beings is no longer confined to man—it ascends to God. In imagination I traverse the rounds of that luminous ladder whose extremities repose upon earth and touch the heavens. In the fire I behold salamanders, that raise millions of sparks in their sports. In the water that flows beneath my windows there is an Undine who salutes me as his sister. The perfumed breeze of the evening comes laden with sylphs, that repose in my hair; and salamanders, Undine, and sylphs murmur words in my ears, ... oh! words that make me mad!

Ken. Oh! happy age! when one has but to close the eyes to see such wonders! when the consolations of truth are found in dreams! Sleep, my child. Night is worth more to thee than the day. But beware; of all the demons that haunt young girls, sleeping or waking, the most dangerous and difficult to banish is ambition.

Cath. That, Kennedy, is not a demon; it is an angel, and the most beautiful and seducing of all. It is the king of heaven, for it has gilded wings, and it wears a crown.

Ken. Good-night, noble mistress.

Cath. Good-night, Kennedy.

Ken. Good-night, dreamer. I am more content, since I leave thee amid a court of goblins, phantoms, and fairies.

Cath. (*alone, shutting the door before her, and opening another.*) Go, good nurse, go, and leave me to open the door by which enter and depart all my dreams. Ethelwood, will he come to-night? This

morning he told me, perhaps.... perhaps is always yes. He loves me so much! And yet, if he loved me, would he have secrets from me? Would he conceal from me his name, his rank, his title? When I gave him my heart, I surrendered myself entire. I have not separated my days from my nights. I have not said to him, So many hours for thee, so many for the world. No! my language was, Here I am, take me. Oh! what wretchedness! to fold to my heart the man I love, and to know him not; to lose my mind in the dreams of hope; to waste the joyous years of youth in suspense, in ignorance, in isolation; not to know the term of my agony, and to receive for answer to all my questions, Soon, soon. I am losing all in this word, which is digging the grave of my life. The morning dawns with hope, but the sun goes down with despair. Happy when he can steal a few hours—from whom? I know not; from another, perhaps—to bestow them upon me—me, a slave, a prisoner, shut out from the world. And while in the city the hours of pleasure fleet by, I am alone and sad, listening for the step of my husband, and perhaps to listen in vain. My husband, who has rank and title, I cannot doubt, and who gives me neither. Were I at London with him now, instead of laying aside this modest attire, whose simplicity puts me to shame, to court the sleep that will not come, I would seat myself at my toilette—[*She seats herself before a mirror*—I would choose from these caskets he has given me, but which are useless, the richest jewels—[*She opens her caskets*—I would place this string of pearls on my neck, these diamonds in my ears, these bracelets on my arms. Among these simple flowers that deck my hair these diamond pins should be found. This girdle of precious stones about my waist would impart an air of elegance. A page should precede our steps; halls resplendent with light should be open before us; and when I appeared.... oh! if my mirror does not deceive me, the general voice would be,

No queen was ever more splendidly decked.... she rivals a queen in beauty.

[*Turning round and perceiving Ethelwood standing near the door, who has heard the end of her monologue.*

Ah! Ethelwood, I did not perceive thee.

SCENE VII.

CATHARINE, ETHELWOOD.

Ethel. I understand; you were occupied with cares too important to note my arrival.

Cath. Do you think me pretty?

Ethel. If my portrait, set in rubies or emeralds, had by chance been suspended to this necklace, or attached to this bracelet.... Ah! perhaps then there would have been among your coquettish thoughts a transient remembrance of love.

Cath. Do you think me pretty?

Ethel. Oh! but too much so for my peace, madam.

Cath. Then thank Heaven that has made me so, and come and embrace me, my lord.—[*Ethelwood takes her in his arms, but does not embrace her.*]—Besides, I have adorned myself by instinct: I have made myself beautiful by presentiment.—[*Placing her hand on her heart.*]—I felt you coming here. Lay aside, then, this anxious air, and be seated; I am going to sit at your feet, my gentle knight, my brave baron, my noble count.... by which of these titles shall I address you?

[*She goes for a tabouret, and seats herself.*]

Ethel. By neither, for neither of them belongs to me.

Cath. How did you come, that I heard not the gallop of your horse, your wonderful Ralph, that comes so quick.... and goes away so slow.

Ethel. I ascended the Thames in a fisherman's bark, for to-day, more than ever, I feared being recognised.

Cath. Always mysterious.... but then thou hast very powerful motives?

Ethel. Judge of my love, since I conceal them from thee, who art my life.

Cath. Oh! if thou lovedst me!

Ethel. Listen, Catharine; doubt of thy existence, of that of thy soul, of thy God! doubt of the light of day beneath a blazing sun, but never doubt of my love.... for never woman was loved by man as thou art by me.

Cath. Forgive me, my love.

Ethel. Oh! but hear me! not love thee! my heart to its last beating, my life to its last breath, my blood to its last drop, all is thine, Catharine. And she says I love her not! Oh God, she has said it!....

Cath. No, no! I say it no more.

Ethel. And should I lose thee, Catharine, ...should another.... oh, Heaven!

Cath. How now, my lord?

Ethel. I suffer.

Cath. Thou?

Ethel. Yes.... I am fatigued. My forehead burns.... I am thirsty....

Cath. (*rising.*) I will serve you, my lord.

[*While Catharine is opening a Gothic buffet, Ethelwood draws a flask from his bosom, and pours a part of its contents into a chased silver vase on the table.*]

Ethel. Pardon me, my God!.... it is tempting thy power.

Cath. In the absence of a page, shall I be your cupbearer?

[*Ethelwood holds out the glass, and Catharine fills it.*]

Ethel. Thanks.

Cath. How thy hand trembles!

Ethelwood. (*seated, taking her in his arms.*) Catharine, Catharine! oh! never! never!....

Cath. How sad thou art to-day!.... What shall I do to divert thee? Shall I sing the ballad of Edgar, the old king of England, who married his vassal, the beautiful Elfrida?

Ethel. Her every word is a new torture.

Cath. Dost thou listen?

Ethel. I do.

Cath. (*sings.*)

In a valley broad and green,
Bordering on the silver tide,
From a height the king hath seen
Archer Richard's 'fianced bride.
To the spot he speeds his way:
"Take, fair maid," he cries, "I pray,
This good arm to aid thy way."
"No!"

"Listen to me, maiden fair:
Birth and wealth are not thy right;
Slight not now thy fortune rare:
Wilt thou wed a noble knight?
Styled a lady thou shalt be,
On thy hand a falcon free
Shall be perch'd to honor thee."
"No!"

"Will a baron's high renown
Tempt thee not to change thy will?
I can offer thee the crown
Blazon'd by the herald's skill:
And two lions rich and rare,
On each side in order there,
Thine escutcheon proud shall bear."
"No!"

"If beneath this silver moon
Thou wilt here pronounce my bliss,
Title of a countess soon
Price shall be of the first kiss;
And with it the coronet,
Which upon its points hath set
Pearls to foil thy hair of jet."
"No!"

"Ere to-morrow's evening shade
None with thee shall hold compare,
And the ducal gems shall fade
Mid the tresses of thy hair.
Or thy crown the golden leaves
Of the vine where Bacchus breathes,
Shall compose the festoon wreaths."
"No!"

"With one word thou mayst be queen :
 King am I,—oh ! speak that word ;
 And before thy beauty's sheen
 Here shall kneel thy sovereign lord.
 Can a monarch's royal crown
 Tame thy haughty spirit down,
 And avert thy dreaded frown ?"

"Yes !"

Ethel. Is such the end of the love of the beautiful Elfrida ?

Cath. Ends not her history well ? She becomes a queen.

Ethel. But Richard ?

Cath. What Richard ?

Ethel. Her lover.

Cath. Nothing more is said of him in the ballad.

Ethel. No thought of the poor forsaken, in the mind of the mistress or the verse of the poet ! I will be less ungrateful than they, and drink to the archer's memory.

[*He holds the glass without putting it to his mouth.*

Cath. (looking at him.) Well !

Ethel. Well ! forgetful ! Must I remind thee of the custom of our loves ? Have I ever borne a glass to my mouth that thy lips had not previously touched, that I might find on its edge the place where they had pressed ? Come, my fair Elfrida.... no, my Catharine.... to the memory of Richard.

[*Catharine drinks. Ethelwood takes the glass from her hand, and throws it upon the floor, exclaiming,*

O, Catharine, Catharine, forgive me !

Cath. For what ?

Ethel. It was inevitable. Nothing remained but this.

Cath. What meanest thou ?

Ethel. But for this we were lost.... we had been forever separated. Thou art pale, Catharine.

Cath. Yes, I am ill—a vertigo.... dimness of sight.

Ethel. O Heaven !

Cath. My brow burns. Oh! but this mortal strife....

Ethel. Oh, wretched that I am.... to see her suffer.... had it not been better....

Cath. Leave me, leave me! water! water! I suffocate. Oh! for pity—I feel that death,—help!

Ethel. (*taking her in his arms.*) No, no, not one cry....

Cath. (*lifting her hands to her head.*) Flowers, jewels!—(*grasping them*)—Despair.... oh! life! life! my God!

Ethel. Thou wilt not die.

Cath. So young, so young, to die! God, have pity! Kennedy! Mercy! I see no more.... I die.

[*She struggles in Ethelwood's arms, and falls repulsing him.*

Ethel. (*folding her in his arms.*) Oh! Catharine! Now am I assured we shall die or live together.

[*He embraces her again, goes to the door by which Kennedy went out, opens it, takes a bell and rings violently, then returns to Catharine, embraces her again, and disappears by the same door through which he entered. Kennedy, agitated, appears at the door.*

Ken. Catharine, my child, what has befallen thee.... ah! swooned.... pale.... (*Placing her hand on her heart.*)—It beats not!.... (*Approaching her lips*)—She does not breathe.... dead! dead!... .

ACT II.

The burial-place of the family of Durham, at an eighth of a league from London; a gate opening on the plain; several paths leading to the gate; tombs of knights and ladies, with their statues above; the knights having a lion at their feet, the ladies a greyhound. In front an open tomb, where CATHARINE HOWARD is laid; behind, a vessel of holy water, protected by the Saxon image of an angel.

SCENE I.

ETHELWOOD *leaning against the tomb*; a PRIEST *performing the last rites of Catholic burial*; KENNEDY, *young girls.*

Priest. Happy they who die in their youth, and go to the grave in a robe of innocence! They fall asleep in a world of pain, to awake in the realm of eternal peace. No longer we pray for thee, pure, dove-like spirit, but on high thou intercedest for us. In heaven thou wilt be preserved by God's grace, as on earth thou wert saved by his mercy. [*He takes a sprig of boxwood, dips it in the holy water, and sprinkles it over her.*

Kennedy, (throwing herself on the tomb.) My child! my child! That I should close thine eyes, and lay thy fair form in the tomb! God hath reserved for me this trial. Catharine! Catharine! can it be that thou, so young, art taken from me? My child! my cherished! [*Two women lead her away.*

A young girl. Sleep in peace, our sister! thou wert too beautiful for earth, and God hath made thee an angel above. This moment, no doubt, thou art hovering o'er us, with thy white wings all outspread, and thy golden halo of light. Enjoy thy eternal glory; and as thou hast loved us on earth, intercede for us now in heaven. [*The young girls sprinkle holy water.*

Ethel. In my turn, Catharine, in my turn, with

holy water I bedew thy corse. [*All go from the tomb but ETHEL.*] Yes, Fleming has kept his word. Her sleep is the twin brother of death; and were it not my work, my own eyes would be deceived at the resemblance. Fragility of human existence! a few drops distilled from simple plants have sufficed to suspend it; a few drops more, and it had been extinct, and the soul that sparkled in the eyes now closed, that spoke in the voice now mute, that gave life and thought to the body now cold and motionless, would have winged its eternal flight, and remounted to its Author and Source. Where dwells it during this lethargy, which is more than sleep and less than death? Doth it wander in the land of dreams, or sleeps it like the sacred lamp in the tabernacle? Hath it gone to knock at the door of that unknown world called eternity? And when the blood shall reflow in these veins, when thought shall reanimate this soul, exiled for a moment, will it re-enter the body as a queen her palace? Will it remember the things of earth, or the things it hath seen in heaven? I can imagine now the assassin without remorse at the sight of his victim, for if this inanimate corse be not happy, it is oh! how tranquil! O Catharine, were it not better to repose with thee in the tomb, and cover our heads with its lid, and sleep thus together to the day of eternal waking, than expose our days to the hazards of time and the chances of fortune? Who knows if God hath reserved for us enjoyment or suffering? Who knows whether one day thou wilt bless or curse me for thy waking? for in the future there is nothing certain but the tomb. Oh, Catharine! [*He stoops and kisses her forehead.*] Heavens! she has moved! my voice has reached her soul, even in the depth of her sleep. Wake! Catharine, wake! No more thoughts of death! Life, life, with thee, happy or wretched, in joy or sorrow. . . . but O, life! life! [*Returning towards the door of the tomb, which opens.*] Oh, fatal forgetfulness! who comes? [*Going towards the entrance*

and starting back with affright.] The king! the king here! Powers of darkness! let fall upon her eyes your iron sleep, let them never re-open, rather than open now!

SCENE II.

HENRY AND ETHELWOOD.

Henry. (after shutting the door and finding himself in darkness.) Duke of Durham, where art thou?

Ethel. (going before the king.) Here, sire.

Henry. (leaning on him.) Ethelwood, you are my faithful friend. Where is she?

Ethel. (pointing to the body.) There.

Henry. I thank you, my lord, for laying her in your family vault. Eight days hence, I pledge thee my royal word, she should have slept in that of Westminster.

Ethel. Sire, the woman on whom your majesty has deigned to bestow his regard during life, should be to me an object of respect and veneration even in death. But why did your majesty descend alone?

Henry. I wished to behold her again, before the tomb was forever closed. When my people who accompanied you yesterday morning returned to say you had found her dead, and that you remained to perform the last sad duties, I could not believe their report. And now, Ethelwood, I, who could remain unmoved at the loss of my throne, at learning the death of this child, my heart swelled, my eyes filled with tears. Oh! I must see her once more!

Ethel. (with a desperate resolution he draws his sword with one hand, and with the other raises the veil that covers Catharine; and taking the lamp, he approaches the body.) Look at her, then, sire....

The King. (regarding her fixedly.) Dead! dead! dead! *(Raising his eyes to heaven.)* I have offended thee, O God! A star was rising on England and me... death breathes upon it, and its light is put out. This woman might have made me better and happier: for in cheering the darkness that envelops my

soul as a cloud, she would have enlightened it. Wretched is human strength . . . so potent to destroy, so powerless to restore life!

Ethel. Sire, in the name of Heaven . . .

Henry. Oh, to be called Henry VIII. of England, to be great as Francis I., rich as Charles V.; with a breath to send a fleet from one world to the other; to raise armies with the stroke of a lance upon the shield; and to feel myself here, before this tomb, as feeble, as powerless as the meanest of created beings! Oh! to press this hand between my royal hands, and to be unable to warm it!

Ethel. (*touching the other hand.*) Press this hand, Henry; I permit thee, for this is still cold.

Henry. Catharine, my beauteous bride! (*Placing a ring upon her finger.*) Wear at least in thy tomb this ring, which could not be thine on the throne. Oh, could I redeem thy life, it should be bought with a royal ransom. My God! wouldst thou but reanimate this soul!

Ethel. Confusion! her heart begins to beat. . .

Henry. O God, dost thou weigh in the same balance the destinies of all men? Is it indeed true that sovereigns and subjects are equal before thee? Doth death enter with like careless step the palace and the cottage? Cannot the royal knees that bend, the crowned head that implores, obtain more at thy hand than the wretched monk in his cell, or the lowly woodman in his hut? It was but a poor woman that prayed thee to restore her daughter to life, and thou tookest her by the hand and saidst, Rise, and she arose. But that woman was a mother! . . .

Ethel. (*listening.*) She breathes! Sire, you can no longer remain here. These regrets are profanation, these words are blasphemies, to tempt God's power . . .

Henry. I cannot leave: I cannot tear myself from her tomb. . .

Ethel. Oh, horror! she wakes! Sire! sire! let us leave the dead in their winding-sheets, or we may

tremble when they rise before us, to curse us for daring to disturb their last slumber. [*He drags the king.*] Come! come!

SCENE III.

CATHARINE. (*alone, raising her arms, which she again lets fall.*) Oh! what leaden sleep! I feel as if chained to the bed, and have no power to arise. [*She raises herself on her hands.*] I cannot open my eyes! [*Putting her hand to her forehead.*] How heavy my forehead feels! [*Touching her wreath of white flowers.*] Ah, I have slept with my crown. Kennedy! Kennedy! . . . Still dark. . . . I thought it was daylight. I am chilled. . . . I tremble with fear! [*She descends from the tomb, and is in danger of falling on the steps.*] Oh! I am hurt! . . . Steps! . . . a lamp! [*Touching the monument.*] Marble! [*Rising with fear.*] A tomb! [*Walking, and dragging her winding-sheet after her.*] A winding-sheet! O God! Where am I? in a funeral vault, in the midst of the dead! [*With fear.*] My God! my God! should they raise the lids of their coffins, awake, like me, and descend from their tombs, while I am here alone. . . so profoundly concealed in the depths of the earth, that the eye of my Maker cannot reach me! [*Going to the column where the image of the angel rests, clasping it in her arms, and bathing her hands in the holy water.*] Angel of the sepulchre! guardian of the dead! protect me! (*After a pause.*) What has happened to me? Let me recall my thoughts. All is calm and tranquil. I am foolish to be shaken with fear. Ethelwood came to me as usual yesterday, the day previous . . . I know no more: since, I have felt frightful pains. . . . I swooned, and believed myself dying . . . ah, I do remember . . . and then . . . then . . . they believed me dead, and have buried me living . . . ah! living! And no escape! This door! [*She goes to the door, puts her hand upon the lock, and then, not finding the key, shakes the door.*] Fast! fast! Mercy! mercy! my God! [*She swoons.*]

SCENE IV.

CATHARINE, ETHELWOOD.

Ethel. (*opens the door, goes to the tomb, and seeing it empty, he calls*)—Catharine!

Cath. (*supporting herself on one arm.*) Am I called?

Ethel. Catharine!

Cath. (*springing to her feet.*) Here!

Ethel. (*hastening to her.*) Ah!

Cath. Ethelwood . . . I am saved! Ethelwood, my beloved, what has happened to me?

Ethel. Let me embrace thee first.

Cath. Can we go from this place?

Ethel. Yes, yes: let me fold thee in my arms and press thee to my heart, to assure myself that thou livest for me alone!

Cath. Yes, for thee, for thee alone. But let us leave this place. Let me breathe the air.

Ethel. Catharine, a few moments longer, I pray thee in the name of our love, which has just escaped the most imminent danger.

Cath. It is well; but tell me—leave me not! how is it that I find myself here, in the midst of these tombs, shut up alone, and sleeping in one of them? And how is it that I see thee—come, like my good angel, to release me, to save my life? Speak! What means it all?

Ethel. Yes, I will tell thee all, for the time has arrived when I have no longer any secrets from my beloved.

Cath. Shall I know who thou art?

Ethel. Yes, and I can avow it to thee with pride: for there are few higher names in the history of old England than that of the dukes of Durham.

Cath. Thou art a duke?

Ethel. Yes, my Catharine, duke of Durham, marquis of Derby, peer of England, and member of the high chamber.

Cath. (*folding him in her arms.*) Ah! but thou holdest one of the highest places in the state!

Ethel. The king alone is above the peers of England, and in giving them orders he addresses them by the title of cousin.

Cath. And I, shall I share all this, honors, station fortune?

Ethel. In giving thee my heart have I not given thee all; and now that I have given thee all, am I not ready to give thee my life?

Cath. And wilt thou take me to the court?

Ethel. Listen!

Cath. Say on.

Ethel. Thou hast heard of king Henry,—of his bloody and dissolute loves?

Cath. I have.

Ethel. Well! from the hour I first loved thee, a jealousy has gnawed at my heart; I thought of Henry, and trembled to bring thee to the court; for nothing is sacred to him; his royal breath would tarnish the honor of a woman. I concealed from thee my rank, so much I feared that an indiscretion might escape thee to destroy my happiness, which I had garnered all in thee. A year passed thus,—a year of felicity. I was with thee every evening; while during the day, obliged by my position to be near the king, I deceived my associates by feigning to aspire to the hand of the princess Margaret.

Cath. The sister of the king?

Ethel. Yes: but thine was my heart and all my thoughts; the remembrance of thee was never absent a moment....

Cath. All that I know, dearest; but thou hast not told me why....

Ethel. Well! all my fears have been realized: four days since, the king saw thee!....

Cath. The king saw me!....

Ethel. Yes.

Cath. And—?

Ethel. And he loves thee.

Cath. Me!

Ethel. Or thinks he loves thee, at least, and do-

sires thee. Then, from that moment we had been ruined had I not devised a remedy. An able alchemist, for gold, furnished me with a liquor whose narcotic virtue produces a quick and powerful effect. Two days since, I threw some drops of this liquor in thy glass, and when yesterday the envoys of the king came to seek thee, to conduct thee to the princess Margaret, who had designed to grant thee a place among her maids of honor, they found Kennedy weeping over my beauteous Catharine, whom all believed dead, but who was only sleeping.

Cath. All....and the king too?

Ethel. Oh, it was essential to us to deceive him, above all.

Cath. And had he no doubt?

Ethel. None, for that which threatened our ruin has proved our safety.

Cath. How?

Ethel. While I was near this tomb, waiting thy first breath, thy first sigh, thy first look, the king, distrustful, no doubt, appeared at this door....

Cath. The king!

Ethel. Descended these steps, came towards this tomb, where I attended him with a poniard in my hand; for I swear to thee, Catharine, his first suspicion had been his death.

Cath. Would you have killed the king, my lord?

Ethel. Rather than lose thee, I would not have hesitated, I swear it! But every thing favored us: in vain he placed this ring upon thy finger....

Cath. (*aside, looking at the ring.*) A bridal ring!

Ethel. Thy hand remained cold in his. In vain he invoked thy name; nothing in thee was roused to respond to that fatal appeal! In vain with his adulterous lips he saluted thy brow; its paleness remained with its purity. No doubt, no suspicion was left to him. Thou art indeed the prey of death and the tomb. Thanks to my worthy alchemist, thanks!

Cath. But had you no fear that this potion might

be mortal? What if, instead of a narcotic, this man had given thee a poison?

Ethel. I had foreseen that.

Cath. And....

Ethel. And gave thee but half the prescription.

Cath. Oh, but it was fearful!—to live, and be thought dead!

Ethel. But hast thou not told me twenty times, in our happy and fleeting hours of love, that thou hast sighed for a world alone to ourselves, that nothing might disturb or separate us? Well! this world is thine. Besides the world of the living, which is closing, there opens another before thee—a world of love. Forget, then, that which thou leavest, as it has already forgotten thee. At the first opportunity I shall abandon England. I will take thee to France: there, since thou lovest—and it is but natural, for thou art young and beautiful—there, I say, since thou lovest the pleasures and senseless mirth of royal fêtes, we shall find a more magnificent and less tedious court than that of Henry. My fortune and title, which shall be thine, will secure thee a brilliant place. Oh! tell me then that I have well done, and that thy happiness is secured!

Cath. Yes.... but meantime where shall we reside?

Ethel. In the castle of Durham, whose vaults you now behold.

Cath. Far from London?

Ethel. About ten minutes ride.

Cath. Shall I not be seen there?

Ethel. Ah! thou wilt conceal thyself from all eyes.

Cath. Yes, even so; and I shall but make an exchange of tombs.

Ethel. Catharine, now that thou knowest all—now that the king and his suite have departed, let us leave this vault.

Cath. So soon?

Ethel. Come!

Cath. First see if no one perceives us—if all is calm,—if the night is sufficiently dark.

Ethel. But thou?

Cath. Oh, I will remain here a moment; I have no fear.

Ethel. Thou art right; I will go. [*He goes out.*]

SCENE V.

CATHARINE, (*alone.*)

Yes, it is strange....every thing seems changed here since Ethelwood came. Henry VIII. loves me! The king of England has descended into this vault to see once again the poor Catharine Howard! Why did I not awake at the noise of his steps, at the sound of his voice? He stopped at this spot....his feet were doubtless where mine now are. Here his crowned head was bent over me....here rested his royal hands. And this is the ring, the bridal ring, which he put upon my finger. Oh! but he ardently loves me....silly fool!....he thinks me dead. [*She supports her head on the tomb.*]

SCENE VI

CATHARINE, ETHELWOOD.

Ethel. (*from the door.*) Catharine!

Cath. Well!

Ethel. Come, Catharine, all is quiet; come forth from this funeral vault.

Cath. (*going to him.*) Ethelwood, strive to make thy palace appear to me as beautiful.

SCENE VII.

A Chamber in the castle of Durham. Ethelwood near an open window, his head resting upon his hand.

Catharine entering.

Cath. (*going to Ethelwood, and giving him her hand.*) My lord.

Ethel. Oh, it is you! Welcome to my heart. How has my beautiful Catharine rested to-night in her new residence?

Cath. I have not slept a moment.

Ethel. And yet your eyes are brilliant, and your

complexion is rosy, as if sleep had shed over you all the flowers of night.

Cath. It is because wakefulness has sometimes its dreams, as pleasant as those of sleep; because happiness and hope also make the eyes brilliant and the cheeks rosy.

Ethel. You are happy, then?

Cath. Oh yes, since you have promised me that we shall not leave England.

Ethel. But if we leave not England, my beautiful dutchess, you must renounce this title, the pleasures of the court of France, and the happiness of hearing yourself called beautiful twenty times a day.

Cath. I shall hear it from you.

Ethel. But you will tire of hearing it always repeated by the same mouth.

Cath. Oh no!

Ethel. Dear angel!

Cath. But say, why hast thou banished me to the remotest part of the castle? To me it seems that the view from this chamber is much more beautiful; and during thy absence—for thou hast said that from time to time thou must go to the court—this prospect would divert the time.

Ethel. Catharine, this chamber has always been mine. A change in my habits would beget suspicion. My pages and domestics come hither at all hours to receive my orders; if a stranger stops at the castle, he is instantly conducted here: thou seest I have weighed every thing, and that thy request is impossible.

Cath. But I shall, shall I not—for the road, I believe, is seen from this—come here to see thee return, to salute thee at a distance with my handkerchief, and to tell thee by a sign what I shall not be able to say with my lips: Come quickly, for I love thee, I think of thee, and I wait for thee!

Ethel. But is not the whole castle yours, my love? Yes, come hither, but never without the greatest precaution, never without closing the door.

Cath. Tell me, is it London that we see from this window?

Ethel. It is.

Cath. Can we see the palace of Whitehall.

Ethel. Here it is.

Cath. It is the royal residence, is it not?

Ethel. During winter: in summer the king resides at Greenwich.

Cath. Into that palace was conducted Anne Boleyn when she ascended the throne?

Ethel. True.

Cath. Anne Boleyn was of the inferior nobility, I believe; the king made her marchioness of Pembroke while she was but maid of honor to Catharine of Aragon?

Ethel. Why dost thou put to me these questions?

Cath. Because I have been told that when she left Greenwich palace for London, she had a royal suite; she ascended the Thames in a barge bearing the arms of England, followed by a hundred other boats, filled, some with officers of the king's household, others with noble ladies and musicians. Tell me, is it true, that when she set foot on the shore she was clothed in the queenly mantle, and ascended a litter of white satin, open on all sides, that the people might behold at their ease their future queen? Kennedy has told me all this.

Ethel. She has not deceived thee.

Cath. At the sides of her litter—was it not so?—marched the constable and the grand marshal; behind it came the noble ladies of England, the ambassadors of France and Venice, and three hundred gentlemen mounted on beautiful horses! [*Remark- ing the fixed and astonished look of Ethelwood.*] And was it not clothed in this brilliant costume, and followed by this splendid suite, that Anne Boleyn arrived at the gate of Whitehall palace, where she was waited for by the king?

Ethel. And three years after she went out by the

same gate, clothed in black, and attended by a single priest, to repair to the Tower of London, where she was waited for by the headsman.

Cath. She had merited her fate by deceiving the king: for in presence of all the court, at the tourney of Greenwich, she threw her bouquet to a knight.

Ethel. You are admirably instructed in these things, my beautiful scholar, and it is a new merit, for which I have not given you credit. [*He attempts to kiss her hand, and touches with his lips the ring which the king has put upon her finger, and starts.*]

Cath. What is it?

Ethel. Nothing.

Cath. But yet....

Ethel. I dare not.

Cath. Come, come.

Ethel. And if I demand of thee a sacrifice?

Cath. Name it, and we will see if we love you enough to make it.

Ethel. That ring....

Cath. Well?

Ethel. In kissing thy hand it has touched my lips; and that ring was given thee by another than me. Dost thou wish to preserve it?

Cath. Dost thou not see that it becomes my hand, and sets off its whiteness?

Ethel. But, my love, thy hand is beautiful and white enough without it.... give it to me.

Cath. A ring from a sovereign is a rare and curious thing to preserve....

Ethel. Yes, but when that sovereign has given it thee as a pledge of love?....

Cath. Jealous man that thou art!

Ethel. Yes, I acknowledge it, Catharine—yes, I am jealous, and it is well that we live thus secluded from the world; for what I should suffer at seeing thee the object of the desires and adoration of other men cannot be expressed. Yes, I should be jealous of every one; I should have hated him whom thy robe but touched in passing. Oh! Catharine,

Catharine! [*Throwing himself at her feet.*] Yes, I know it is folly, that I am foolish, extravagant; but it matters not; thou wilt pity me; thou wilt not break my heart by keeping this ring....

Cath. (rising.) Ethelwood—on the London road—below—seest thou not a troop of cavaliers coming from that quarter? They take the avenue to thy castle.

Ethel. True! What are these men, and what is their business? [*He looks from the window.*]

Cath. (aside.) He will forget the ring!

Ethel. Am I deceived? Heavens! it is he! he! What would he with me?

Cath. Who—he?

Ethel. Henry of England.

Cath. (making a movement to go towards the window.) The king!

Ethel. (repulsing her.) Yes, yes, the king! (*leading her.*) Flee instantly, Catharine, to thy own apartment, I pray thee; and in the name of heaven, in the name of our love, in the name of my life, oh! conceal my treasure from all eyes! [*Stopping in the midst of the chamber.*] Hearest thou the sound of the horn? He is there—at the gate—he is coming... (*Pushing her out.*) He comes! (*Catharine disappears; Ethelwood draws the tapestry over the door by which she goes out.*)

Ethel. (alone.) What is his business? Can he have learned that I have deceived him? no; for then, instead of a visit from the king, I should have received one from the grand chancellor.

A Page. His majesty the king.

SCENE VIII.

Ethel. (bowing.) Sire!

Henry. Good-day, my lord.

Ethel. Your majesty at my castle, sire... what honor!...

Henry. I must needs seek thee in thy castle at Durham, since thou no longer visitest me in my palace at Whitehall.

Ethel. An order from your majesty, and instantly I should have repaired. . . .

Henry. Yes, but I wished to speak to thee of things instant and secret; and the walls below have so many ears open about my mouth, that I preferred coming to confer with thee here before these old tapestries. (*Catharine raises the tapestry and listens.*)

Ethel. (*presenting a seat to the king.*) Will your majesty deign? . . . [*The king seats himself; Ethelwood remains standing.*]

Henry. Thanks.

Ethel. Shall I dare to demand of your majesty how he has supported for two days the grief which so cruelly preyed upon him?

Henry. My lord, such is our royal condition, that nothing is ours, not even grief. Yes, yes, my wound is there, open and bleeding; but desolated England shows me hers, open and bleeding also; and I must think of her before myself.

Ethel. How, sire?

Henry. Oliver Sinclair and Maxwell have entered the English territory, at the head of fifteen thousand men; all the marches of the west are on fire; and we have to oppose them on this side but Thomas Dacre and John Musgrave, with four or five hundred knights and men-at-arms.

Ethel. Sire, all the nobility of England will rise as one man and march against the common enemy.

Henry. Yes, my lord, and I shall command them; but a war in Scotland, a war of extermination, like that which I wish to wage, is not an enterprise of some days; and during my absence, London, the widow of her king, is exposed to the intrigues of Charles V. and Paul III. My severity to the Catholics, which will doubtless bear fruit in the future, has sown discontent and hatred among the high clergy. I cannot leave London without placing my royal power in hands at once brave and powerful.

Ethel. Sire, you have the Duke of Norfolk.

Henry. A mere warrior, who has an arm, but no head.

Ethel. Sir Thomas Cranmer.

Henry. Who at the bottom of his heart protects the Catholic clergy, and who submits to reform only to preserve his bishopric of York and his archbishopric of Canterbury.

Ethel. The Count of Sussex.

Henry. A young fool who would load my archives with sumptuary decrees on the cut of doublets and the color of robes. No, my lord; for vicegerent of my kingdom I need a man of heart and of head, of courage and of prudence; above all, he must love me, and he must love England yet more than me. Think of it, my lord. Knowest thou not the man who unites these qualities?

Ethel. No, sire, I swear it.

Henry. You are very modest or very blind, cousin....

Ethel. How! can your majesty have thought?....

Henry. Ah! thou divinest at length. Yes, my lord, thou art the man of my need; beloved of the people, who will see thee attain to that rank with pleasure; esteemed by the nobility, who will see thee retain it without envy. Besides, listen, my lord, I have one thing more to say to thee: a project which would stifle a murmur in the boldest mouth.

Ethel. Speak, sire.

Henry. For a year thou hast dreamed of an honor greater than that I have offered thee.

Ethel. I!

Henry. Thy mouth, I know, has not uttered a word to betray thy secret; but thy eyes, my lord, have revealed it to all who would take the trouble to read them. My lord, thou lovest my sister....

Ethel. Sire....

Henry. I yesterday questioned the princess Margaret on her sentiments in thy behalf.

Ethel. She loves me not....she....

Henry. She loves thee.

Ethel. My God !

Henry. This time, at least, my heart and my policy are in unison.—[*Giving his hand to Ethelwood.*]—Thou wilt be happy, Ethelwood, and thy happiness will secure my tranquillity. In leaving not only a friend, but a brother, as vicegerent of the kingdom, I depart without fear ; for if any mischance befall me, as the law authorizes me—seeing the illegitimate birth of the princesses Mary and Elizabeth, and the feeble health of prince Edward—on my sole authority to name a successor....(*rising*).... Therefore, brother, I will leave thee a testament, a duplicate of which shall be placed in charge of the grand-chancellor.

Ethel. Sire....

Henry. Well !

Ethel. Oh ! this is too much goodness to me. unworthy that I am.

Henry. How ?

Ethel. I can accept nothing of what your majesty offers.

Henry. What means this ? my lord, you are mad !

Ethel. Sire, I know I must appear to you cold and ungrateful, but I cannot, sire, I swear it ; no, I cannot.

Henry. (*in a menacing tone.*) My lord, you will reflect.

Ethel. (*raising his head.*) Sire, my reflections are made.

Henry. You refuse the regency of the kingdom ?

Ethel. I am grateful for the honor your majesty wishes to do me, but I cannot accept it.

Henry. You refuse the hand of the princess Margaret ?

Ethel. I know how little I ought to expect the offer of such an alliance, but I do myself justice in declaring myself unworthy.

Henry. And think you not that after the friend comes the king ; after an entreaty, a command ?

Ethel. Sire, in the name of what you hold most

dear, have pity upon me ; save me from my destiny ! Your entreaty has made me an ingrate.... your command will make me a rebel.

Henry. That is what I am curious to see.

Ethel. (*advancing to take his hand.*) Oh ! I beseech your majesty....

Henry. (*repulsing him.*) Stand back, my lord.

Ethel. (*placing his hand upon his sword.*) Sire !....

Henry. Beware, cousin. You have touched the hilt of your sword in the king's presence—the crime of high treason.

Ethel. But how to act, O God !.... what to do !

Henry. My lord, about our throne we have seen fortunes more brilliant than thine ; we have breathed upon them, and they are not.

Ethel. I know it.

Henry. You are marquis of Derby, are you not ? Ay, duke of Durham, and peer of England : you are lord of three hundred villages, where dwell your ten thousand vassals. Well ! I can strip you of rank and fortune, and cast you to the storm and tempest, more abject and naked than the beggar who sits at the gate of my palace.

Ethel. You can.

Henry. I can drag you before the chamber of peers, where you yet hold a seat, and accuse you there of high treason,—yes, of high treason, my lord, for you have borne your hand to your sword-hilt, and that in our royal presence.

Ethel. I shall not deny it.

Henry. And when judgment of death shall have been pronounced, you will see the scaffold of Dudley, of Empson, and of Cromwell.

Ethel. I shall ascend it.

Henry. Oh ! this is too much, my lord ; we shall see which of us will bend.

[*He goes towards the door. Ethelwood follows him.*

—Remain.

Ethel. Sire, I am yet marquis of Derby, duke of

Durham, and peer of England: the castle in which your majesty stands is mine; a judgment of the high chamber has not yet pronounced me traitor. Meantime I am your subject and vassal; by this title it is my right to conduct you to the door where your followers await you, and my duty to present my knee for your service.

Henry. Come, then, my lord; but we give you our royal word it is the last time we grant you this honor. [*They go out.*]

SCENE IX.

Cath. (alone, slowly advancing.) He is beautiful!.... ah! this then is the king who loves me! the man who descended into my tomb, who placed this bridal ring upon my finger, who might have put a crown upon my head! How brave and powerful in the midst of his attendants! the man who needs an island to move and breathe at his ease! how feeble and diminutive near him are these counts, these marquises, and these dukes, who form the starry retinue of the sun of England. Ah! see them all,—[*Looking out at the window*—with heads bare and bowed, while he passes in their midst, his head erect and covered. But what do I see? Ethelwood bending his knee and presenting the stirrup.... Ethelwood, a man, a noble, my husband! Oh, shame! He departs for the city, whose gates will open to receive him, followed by a troop of courtiers, not one of whom will dare to wipe off the dust which the king's horse throws upon his face. Oh, king, king, pursue thy course, and rise above the baseness of those who surround thee! The more thou puttest under thy feet, the more will increase thy greatness, and the greater will she be who is seated near thee! Should I become a widow!....

SCENE X.

CATHARINE. ETHELWOOD, *entering, pale and agitated.*

Ethel. Catharine!

Cath. (following the king with her eyes.) I am here.

Ethel. Well, listen, attend—a pen, a parchment.
[*He seats himself at a table and writes.*]

Cath. What doest thou ?

Ethel. Where wert thou when the king was here ?

Cath. Behind the tapestry.

Ethel. (*continuing to write.*) And hast thou heard ?

Cath. All.

Ethel. Thou knowest that my wealth is confiscated ?

Cath. Yes.

Ethel. That I am stripped of my titles ?

Cath. Yes.

Ethel. That my life is menaced ?

Cath. Yes, yes, but the king will relent.

Ethel. (*rising and looking at her.*) And knowest thou for whom I lose all ?

Cath. (*throwing herself in his arms.*) Yes, I know it.

Ethel. Well ! the moment I anticipated has come.

Cath. What meanest thou ?

Ethel. Now I can do for thee what thou hast done for me.

Cath. How ?

Ethel. When thou fearedst that the narcotic might be a poison, I showed thee the flask but half emptied.

Cath. O my God !

Ethel. Catharine, my well beloved, it is my turn to do for our happiness what thou hast done for mine ; it is my turn to descend to the tomb before my appointed time ; it is my turn to die to the world, that I may be born again to thee.

Cath. Oh, do it not !

Ethel. (*showing her the empty flask.*) Look !

Cath. Empty ! Mercy ! I will call for help. I—

Ethel. Silence ! we have not an instant to lose : my moments are numbered, and I have a thousand things to tell thee.

Cath. Ethelwood ! Ethelwood ! in the name of Heaven ! oh ! how pale !....

Ethel. Catharine, fear not ; thou knowest well

that this death is but feigned. This parchment, which will be found on me, purports that, fearing the anger of Henry, and wishing to escape the disgrace of the scaffold, I have taken poison. My death will then appear probable. No one will doubt it, for it will have an evident motive.

Cath. Ethelwood! Ethelwood! this is tempting God!

Ethel. I have already confided to him a dearer treasure which he hath preserved to me. Let me say to thee a few words more, for I feel that death is near. Listen. I am the last of my race. I have neither family, relations, nor perhaps friends. At my death my name is extinct, and my wealth reverts to the king. But be calm: I have gold and jewels to purchase another dukedom.

Cath. (absently.) What sayest thou?

Ethel. I say that when the tomb is closed upon me, no one will bestow a thought upon the last corpse that it will separate from the land of the living; no one will come to kneel at its threshold, or with tears bewail my early death. Thou alone among men wilt preserve my memory,—thou alone wilt think of the tenant of the tomb. Its door will be opened by two keys.

Cath. Two?

Ethel. Yes; one of which will be transmitted to the king as my heir.

Cath. And the other?

Ethel. (placing a key in her hand.) To thee, as my wife.

Cath. No, no! keep this key, and when thou awakest, use it thyself.

Ethel. And who will place it near me? Hast thou forgotten that thou canst not appear at my funeral?

Cath. (taking the key.) Ah! true!

Ethel. Now, dearest, fill up my last moments with tender words and caresses; (*falling upon his knees*;) that while I live I may read in thy eyes a waking of love and happiness. (*Catharine falls upon a sofa*.)

While I can hear, say that thou lovest me, with thy sweet, melodious voice, which shall make me start from my sleep: for thou wilt be there, watching my return to life, thy eyes fixed upon mine, and thy hand upon my heart. (*Starting.*) Oh! that ring! that ring! give it me!

Cath. Take it.

Ethel. How I love thee, and how happy am I in thy love! oh, speak to me! say that thou lovest me, that thou art mine, that thou art happy to be so: oh! thy lips! thy adored lips!

Cath. Ethelwood, my love!—I know not what to say to him.

[*She clasps him convulsively in her arms and embraces him.*]

Ethel. (*rising.*) Oh! embrace me not thus: I could not, I would not leave thee, even an hour. The fire of thy breath burns my blood...air.... I suffocate.... Catharine! (*He falls.*) Catharine!

Cath. (*she bends upon one knee, placing his head upon the other.*) Oh! my God! my God!

Ethel. Darkness! I hear thee not....Thy hand... ..(*Grasping her hand firmly.*) Thy hand, where is it? oh! Catharine! my love! my angel! my well-beloved.... Adieu.... till to-morrow adieu!

[*The head of Ethelwood slips from Catharine's knee and falls to the floor; Catharine looks for a moment at the body extended before her; then, with trembling lips, but without speaking, she places her hand upon his heart, and finding that it has ceased to beat, she draws the royal ring from his finger, and places it upon her own.*]

. The concluding Acts of this Drama will be presented in the Odd-Fellows' Offering for 1845, to be published in September, '44.—ED.

New York, August 23d, 1843.

ODD-FELLOWS.

BY C. J. BUCKINGHAM.

ODD-FELLOWS, when together met,
Are not perhaps so *odd* a set
As many people say ;
Unless, indeed, it *odd* may be,
That they should meet for charity,
With conscience clear for pay.

When the pale sufferer, seized by death,
But faintly draws his short'ning breath,
They cool his fever'd tongue,
And gently bathe his throbbing brow,
While scenes of earth, swift fleeing now,
By single hair seem hung.

Or, when the spirit's self is gone
To that far land, to us unknown,
To dwell in tents of clay ;
The fixed and glassy eyes they close,
The pain-distorted limbs compose,
And to the tomb convey.

Odd-Fellows !—surely *odd* they are !
The sick, the naked, have their care ;
The hungry, too, are fed ;
So *odd*, that they, without reproof,
The houseless stranger give a roof,
And where to lay his head.

Brooklyn, L. I., 1843.



THE RESCUE.

THE RESCUE.

DEEP was the wo of the father's heart;
No song from his hearth arose;
And the tear from his flashing eye did start,
As he thought of his child, and the savage foes
Who had torn her away with a ruthless hand,—
A prize to the chief of their untamed band.

With a vow of revenge, he sprang to his steed—
A courser as fleet as the wind—
All obstacles scorning, through forest and mead,
He sought the wild savage to find.
His quick tutored ear, and his keen searching
eye,
Read her path on each leaf—on each breeze heard
her sigh.

Through the gloom of the night, by the mountain
steeps,
That climb to the starry sky,
The watch-fire tells where the captive weeps,
Nor dreams of the succor nigh.—
But hie! she is free! with a noiseless bound,
She has gained the loved arms, and the lost is
found!

220 . THE ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

But speed thee ! oh, speed thee ! the foe's on the
wing,

And fiercely he follows the chase,
While his echoing whoop makes the wild woods
ring ;

And life is the prize of the race.

They have cleared the dark stream—their victim's
in view—

They falter—then fall—no more to pursue.

J. D. H.

August, 1843.

THE ENNUYÉE.

BY MRS. SARAH ANN LEWIS.

It hath been said, "For all who die
There is a tear ;
Some stricken, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier :"
But in that hour of pain and dread,
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch, and shed
One farewell tear ?

Who watch life's last, dim, parting ray,
In deep despair ;
And sooth my spirit on its way
With holy prayer ?
What mourner round my bier will come
In weeds of wo,
And follow me to my long home,
Solemn and slow ?

When lying on my clayey bed
In icy sleep,
Who there, by pure affection led,
Will come and weep ?

And by the pale moon set the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose—
My lowly rest ?

Could I but know, when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That sod's cold gloom,
'Twould soften all the pangs of death,
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour, if I could feel,
From halls of glee
And beauty's presence, one would steal,
In secrecy ;
And come and sit and weep by me
In night's deep noon,
O, I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But ah ! a lowlier fate is mine,
A deeper wo ;
From all I love in youth's sweet time
I soon must go ;
Drawn round me my pale robes of white
In a dark spot,
To sleep through death's long dreamless night,
Lone and forgot.

Troy, N. Y., August, 1843.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

From the German of Krummacher.

BY HENRY M. PARSONS.

MALVINA with her father went
To view the flowerets of the spring,
And o'er a garden lily bent,
Beneath a rose-bush blossoming.

That plant its calix open'd there
Of whiteness, like a ray of light,
That lingers in the summer air,
Or flashes in the moonlit night.

The blushes of a rose full blown,
Which hung above the tender flower,
Upon its silver leaves were thrown,
Both mingling fragrance in that hour.

"O what a union here we prove,"
The fair and graceful maiden cried ;
"Union of innocence and love,"
The parent playfully replied.

As Oskar, entering, caught the eye
That gave to him its sweetest smile,
While blushes of deep crimson dye
Stole o'er Malvina's cheeks the while—

Just like the splendor of the rose
Reflected from the lily's cup ;
The brilliant tints the former throws,
The latter fondly catches up—

“Have flowers a language that is wed
Alike to those in field and grove ?”
The father asked, and Oskar said,
“They have, for innocence and love.”

August, 1843.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

WHEN the dim taper emulates the sunbeam's golden
ray,
Or concrete water radiates the diamond's lustrous
play,
When darkness borrows hues of light—
When weakness takes the giant's might—
Then may the flesh-encumbered spirit
Christ's purity and truth inherit.

But as in every tongue of flame beams of true light
we see,
While not an icy spire but shines with its own bril-
liancy ;
So, in our limited degree,
We may His imitators be ;
Displaying in our lives that mind
Which in His faultlessness we find.

True FRIENDSHIP reigned within his heart, the purest,
brightest, best,
That ever reared its hallowed shrine in any human
breast ;
Proved by ten thousand acts of grace,
In every hour—at every place.
May *Friendship*, throned within the heart,
Lead us to act the brother's part.

His mind was LOVE—a love divine, unpurchased and
unsought,

Through all his life, by all his works, its fervency
was taught;—

Fair Kedron's banks—the garden's shade—

And Calvary's cross its strength displayed.

A like benignity and *Love*

May *we* by every action prove.

His soul was TRUTH and faithfulness—his life, in-
tegrity;

From every false or changeful thought, his mind was
ever free:

True throughout life—in death no less—

He proved his perfect steadfastness.

Through all *our* life—in age or youth—

Oh, let us emulate His *Truth*.

August, 1843.

INFLUENCE OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY BROTHER DANIEL P. BARNARD.

NONE but those who have joined our beloved Order, can form even the slightest conception of the strong and beneficial influence exercised by our Institution upon the feelings and condition of its members. Without making any great pretensions, or claiming any superiority over similar associations, Odd-Fellowship is content to pursue a silent, and it may be a secret, but yet resistless progress, in the improvement of its members in all that distinguishes man in creation as capable of attaining great moral and social elevation. We recommence, after arriving at manhood, our existence, by becoming Odd-Fellows. We call into exercise those feelings which, in youth, formed the brightest and most verdant periods of life. We revive the affections of brother towards brother, and friend towards friend, which, in our eagerness to attain a foothold in the world of commerce, we suffered to become dormant. Though we may not find our own blood and kindred to be the objects of these newly-awakened

sentiments, yet we can find in our fellow-man, and in the brothers of our Order, enough to arouse our love, and call into exercise the best emotions of the heart. We have a full and wide field for the display of friendship, generosity, and noble-mindedness—of love, charity, and sympathy towards those who otherwise would be strangers and unknown.

Let us consider the conduct of our members towards candidates for membership. By our constitution, the dissent of three members leads to the rejection of the candidate. An individual is proposed at one meeting, and his name is referred to a committee for investigation. He is then subject to the ordeal of a ballot. In a Lodge of from one to three hundred members, if a member were disposed to exercise any professional, political, or religious hostility towards a candidate, how easy might he influence two others to unite with him in rejecting the proposed individual! And yet, how few are the instances in which rejections take place! We might safely reckon that, in a hundred rejections, there can scarcely be found a single instance in which such rejections did not proceed directly from the open opposition of members, founded upon bad character or unsound health. Thus, in the matter of voting for new members, we are taught to lay aside all thoughts of self, all feelings of personal enmity, and consider, in voting, only

the good and welfare of the Order. Thus do we foster a spirit of generosity towards even enemies, which is in the end productive of the happiest results.

Let us further consider the conduct of our members towards brothers from a distance.—Here, we meet individuals whom we have never before seen, and who will, perhaps, in a short time, pass away, to be seen by us no more on earth. They have no claim upon us except what springs from those bonds of friendship—Love and Truth—which unite together the members of the Order throughout the world. The sight of a brother from a distance awakens feelings closely allied to kindred. We extend at once the hand of fellowship. We give the grasp of sincerity, and are ready to prove our willingness to do all the good we can. If the stranger be in distress, our treasures are open to relieve his wants, our arms are tendered to support his weakness, we attend upon his sick couch, and supply, as far as we can, the place of nearer and dearer relatives. This we do, not as extending a favor, but as a sacred duty which we have covenanted ourselves to perform. The friendships of the world are formed by an equality of rank or fortune, or by the expectation of pecuniary benefit. The friendship of Odd-Fellows is founded on an obligation resting upon us to do all the good we can, and especially to those

of our own Brotherhood. We herein display our charity and sympathy, in a way that, while they refresh and invigorate the purest feelings of humanity, they, at the same time, confirm the attachment of our brothers to the Order, and elevate its principles in the eyes of both the giver and the recipient of our good offices.

The conduct of our members towards each other is of the most pleasing and ennobling nature. We meet with brothers of every rank in society, and enjoying every degree of poverty and prosperity. We embrace within our fold every trade, profession, and calling. We are brought into intimate friendly contact with all. We lay aside all pride, but that of doing good—all superiority, but that which our brothers bestow—all greatness, but that which springs from the desire of accomplishing the most good to the Order. With feelings thus fashioned and governed, we enter our Lodge-meetings with a love of good order and harmony, and a hearty desire to make men social and humane. Here we spend our time in the adoption of those measures which best serve to carry out the principles of our Institution. Here we receive the reports of the sick and distressed. If necessity require, here we arrange to bury the dead, to provide for the widow and the orphan, and to heal dissension between brothers, if any exist.

Political and religious disputes we studiously

exclude from our deliberations. No amusement or refreshment, calculated to distract our thoughts from the benevolent objects of our Order, is permitted at our meetings. All within our doors is peace and good-will. At the Lodge, our members prepare for the weekly routine of visiting the sick and needy, to alleviate their wants, and provide for their necessities. These frequent visits to the chambers of sickness are calculated to soften and humanize the feelings, and to lead us to reflect on the uncertainty of health and life, and to warn us to prepare for a change which the frequent lessons of sickness and death among our brothers teach us to be inevitable. Often are we compelled to witness our brothers stretched upon their last bed of sickness, their hollow cheeks, their emaciated forms, and glassy eyes, giving sure evidence that the work of death has begun, and is rapidly hastening its victim to the grave. Then do we give our nights and days to the service of our departing brother. Then is the influence of our Order most surely felt, and all that love and kindness can do to smooth the pathway to the grave, is freely offered. And, at last, when death has torn him forever from us, and his spirit has taken its departure to the God who gave it, his lifeless body is taken in charge by us, and consigned, with decency and solemnity, to its kindred dust and ashes. We mingle our tears and our prayers together, around the

silent grave, and having performed our last solemn, painful duty, we return again to our meetings and to the care of the living. Here, the first inquiry is, Has the brother left a widow or orphans in distress? Committees are appointed, whose duties are to see that the beneficial influences of Odd-Fellowship are felt by all who are left destitute and in want, by the bereavement of our brother, and then only is our duty fully accomplished.

These are our employments, which, the more they are indulged in, the more fond we become of their indulgence, because they call into existence feelings which never can be weakened by excess, and the exercise of which creates no satiety. The more we labor for the sick and needy, the more we feel our weakness and inability to do enough in so holy a cause. We may, in a cause like this, say with sincerity, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." We would detract nothing from other institutions, nor would we encroach upon the functions of the churches. If, to them, more properly belongs the labor of charity and brotherly affection, we bid them the greatest success in so laudable a work. We would not oppose them; we would not even strive to rival them; we only ask to be permitted to pursue the even tenor of our way, to do what good we can, in our own peculiar, and if so be, odd way, and to be judged by our quiet,

unobtrusive works—works, of which, though we confine them to the narrow limits of our Order, we do not claim any monopoly. We would wish the influence of our Institution to spread, until every good man would belong to our Order, and every hall, now abandoned to intemperance and dissipation, were converted to a Lodge-room of Odd-Fellows.

These are the influences which belong peculiarly to our Order—they are our pass-words, signs, and tokens. They are all that we depend upon to merit favor with the world around us, and justify ourselves for forming a connection with a Society which has the oddest of all names. Those who look upon Odd-Fellowship with different eyes, and condemn its existence, do so upon evidence of our aim and operations different from what we have any conception of. If our meetings are in their eyes the haunts of idleness, gambling, revelry, dissipation, and intemperance, they have penetrated far deeper into our mysteries than we have ourselves, and have discovered that of which none of us have any idea. If our objects are in their judgment hostile to the well-being of the state, the sound administration of the laws, the spread of the pure and undefiled religion of Christianity, then are we, who ought to know our own objects best, most profoundly ignorant of their aim, scope, and tendency; then have those in our Brotherhood whom we are proud to point to

- as the purest patriots, the most upright judges, and the most sound and pious Christians, joined themselves to an Order which, instead of receiving their support and countenance, ought to be denounced and banished, as an institution improper to be cherished in the midst of a free, order-loving, and religious people.

Strangers are too apt to mistake our character, and to imagine that we are mainly influenced by profound secrets and hidden mysteries. We are called members of a secret Society, and the cry is raised that beneath this veil of secrecy are concealed acts which we would blush to have revealed to the world. Indeed, many of our own members are guilty of contributing to the idea that we abound chiefly in secret mysteries, in which only are found the principles of Odd-Fellowship, by their hieroglyphical style, and mysterious and figurative expressions, when writing or speaking of the Order; and not a few of the Lodges help to promote the popular impression by the efforts at figurative rhetoric which forms their introductions and prefaces to their by-laws. That we are not ashamed of our acts, is evidenced not only by the ready manner with which we exhibit to strangers our Constitutions, By-Laws, and Rules of Order, which point out what is the legitimate business of our Lodges, but by the character of those who attend at our meetings—men who command the confidence of all within the circle of

their acquaintance, as those who would scorn to do a mean or unworthy, much less a criminal action. The idea that men love mysteries, merely because they are such, is very difficult of conception. A secret known to a single individual, and by him concealed from all others, and not applied to any practical use, may be called a secret, but in reality amounts to nothing. Extend this to any given number of individuals, to be concealed and not applied in the same way, and it amounts to nothing. And those who imagine that we have such darling secrets, which alone bind us to the Order, pay but a poor compliment to the soundness of our judgment. We have secrets, it is true, but they are such as are common to all institutions, or such as enable us by signs and tokens to prove ourselves and to prove others, everywhere, to be Odd-Fellows. This we do that the peculiar benefits of the Order may be confined to our own members. It is not the secrecy of the matter that we attach any importance to, but it is the sign or token that is the substantial part. Persons can prove themselves to be civil or military officers, by the hand and seal of the appointing power; this is their sign or token; and yet others may fraudulently obtain such a token and impose upon society. Our token can never be stolen, and herein we consider our secrets superior, because the token can neither be lost by accident, nor obtained by theft—it cannot

be obtained at all, except through want of fidelity. We have no secrets which impart to us any new ideas in morals, science, politics, or religion.— They will never of themselves make us richer or better men. They are the smallest part of Odd-Fellowship; and their exclusive possession by us is not calculated to injure others, and ought not to be made the subject of complaint.

In conclusion, we would say to brothers of the Order, You belong to a noble and praiseworthy Institution. You are bound by every consideration of duty to make every exertion to promote the influence of our Order. We have no distinctive faith. We war not with conscience.— We have no particular mode of worship. We erect no altars. But we must visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, provide for the widow, and educate the orphan. These are the monuments which we wish to rear, and by which we hope to perpetuate our Brotherhood. With such monuments, and by adhering to the principles which now govern us, we may safely hope that Odd-Fellowship will go on and increase, until want, weakness, sickness, and pain shall be banished from the world, and man shall attain that better and happier state which was originally designed for him, and which is yet in store and guarantied to him by the covenant of Him whose word never faileth.

New York, August, 1842.

FRIEND I LOVE! WHERE ART THOU STRAY-
ING?

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

FRIEND I love! where art thou straying?
What far shores thy feet detain?
Is thy home where palms are swaying,
Or upon the sounding main?
In my dreams I see thee ever
As thou wert when last we met—
Still I plead, with vain endeavor
To detain thee, "Linger yet!"

Friend I love! dost thou remember
All those joys we lost too soon?
When the blasts of bleak November
Pleasant seemed as suns of June?
When, from earth's gay throngs retreating,
Side by side our days were passed,
Dreaming not of that one meeting—
Sweetest, fondest, and—the last!

Friend I love! those joys are vanished,
Yet my tears will soon be dry!
For, though earthly hopes are banished,
Purer beckon from on high!

Long ere—glory's star forsaking—
Homeward thou shalt come once more,
With a sleep that knows no waking,
I shall rest and weep no more !

Friend I love ! when sadly o'er me
Thou, at last returned, shalt bow—
When for all the love I bore thee
Bitter tears shall freely flow—
Doubt not I shall round thee linger,
Though all veiled from mortal eye,
Beckoning, with pale spirit-finger,
Gently on to worlds on high !

New York, 1843.

FAREWELL TO HOME.

FAREWELL, ye scenes where erst the light
Of childhood on my spirit fell ;
Where golden hopes and visions bright
Flung round my path a magic spell !
And youthful fancy fondly dreamed
The world was lovely as it seemed.

Ye trees that wave upon the hill,
And spread your giant arms on high ;
As once I loved, I love ye still,
In all your towering majesty ;
And your hoarse murmur fills my ear
With music that I love to hear.

No more your spreading mossy base
This wayward, wandering foot may press,
Nor in your giant shadows trace
Nature's unwritten loveliness,
That smiled at early morn, and met
My footsteps when the sun had set.

And you, ye fragrant flowers, that grew
Around the crystal fountain's rim ;
And, stooping o'er it, seemed to view
Your virgin images within ;
While from above each pearly star
Smiled on ye from its home afar :

And thou old cottage, in whose calm
And quiet shade I used to sleep,
And found in boyhood's dreams a balm
For ills that else had made me weep :
Though time hath mossed thy portal o'er,
Still thou art lovely as of yore.

All—all farewell !—no more the joy
Of early years can cheer my heart—
The scenes that bless'd the thoughtless boy,
And were of very life a part,
Must pass away for those more new,
Which open to my wondering view.

Farewell, my loved, my native home,—
Within thy calm and quiet breast
Kindred and friends, now ceased to roam,
Enjoy thy sacred, peaceful rest ;
Ay, sleep away the silent years,
Unconscious both of griefs and tears.

Farewell, farewell !—oh, bitter word !
It falls like mildew on my heart :
Emotion's deepest fount is stirred,
From all I cherish thus to part—
To know that I henceforth must be
Strange to the world—the world to me.

Farewell ! ah yes ! there, there—'tis past !
The spell that held my soul in thrall
Is broke—and I am free at last.
Friends, parents, brothers, sisters—all—
I leave you, far away to roam,
And seek midst stranger-lands a home. P. S.

New York, 1843.



• RICHARD III. AT
THE BATTLE OF

THE MAMELUKE.

BY JOHN D. HOYT.

ALLAH IL ALLAH ! away, away !
The proud Gaul is forming in battle array !
Like the stars in the sky are assembled his
host ;
To humble the Moslem shall ne'er be his boast ;
Never, no, never, our crescent shall wane,
While a Mameluke scours the desert and plain !

Allah il Allah ! away, away !
Our steeds smell the battle,—then why do we
stay ?
Our lances are brightened, our sabres are keen,
Our Prophet bids onward—on him will we lean ;
'Neath the folds of his banner we'll conquer or
die,—
From our God and our Prophet we never will
fly.

They have gone, they have gone, like the storm-
spirit's breath ;
O'er the desert they sweep to the revel of death,

Where the pyramids frown on the ages long past ;
They rush on the foe like the sirocco's blast :
The floods of the Nile are choked with the slain,
And a tribute of blood is rolled on to the main.

Its banks are all darkened with many a corse,
Invader, invaded, the rider and horse ;
The garner of death with the harvest is filled ;
The crescent is clouded, the eagle is stilled ;
The hyena howls o'er the graveless dead,
The lord and the vassal, the leader and led !

August, 1843.

AN ODD-FELLOW'S ADVENTURE.

BY PASCHAL DONALDSON.

EARLY in the autumn of 18—, I visited a neat little country village in a remote part of my native state. The place is situated on the banks of the Delaware, and is one of the pleasantest in America. The loveliness, too, of the surrounding country, the romantic forests near by, and the quiet river rolling smoothly onward, tend in no small degree to enhance the natural beauty of the location.

It was somewhat late when I arrived; and, being wearied with a long journey, I soon retired for the night. But my mind was so fully engaged with thoughts foreign to repose, that it was long before I closed my eyes in sleep. I could not forget some incidents in my journey; and I was especially impressed with the conversation of a melancholy gentleman, who travelled in the stage-coach that came from N——, who attempted, during the ride, to entertain his fellow-passengers with horrible tales of murder and robbery,

which he told with such evident seriousness and confidence, that a lady in the company was thrown into violent hysterics. At length, however,

“Tired Nature’s sweet restorer”

gently soothed my spirit, and I was soon wrapped in profound slumber.

I had resolved that, on the following morning, I would take a stroll through the country, and pass the day in “rural ramblings.” When I arose for this purpose, it was one of those delightful mornings in autumn, when leaves are quietly falling, and meadows are “brown and sere.”—My route lay through a forest, by a foot-path which led to a neighboring town. During several hours I pursued my way in loneliness, meditating, as the leaves fell in my path, on the “sere and yellow leaf” of life. At length, however, my attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of footsteps; and pausing a moment to listen, I heard the voices of men in earnest conversation. Strange as it may appear, the first thought that struck me was, that these persons might be robbers; and I therefore concluded to secrete myself behind a tree until they should have passed. Judge of my consternation, when, on beholding the strangers as they approached nearer, I discovered that they were a couple of exceeding rough and ferocious-looking fellows, with blunderbusses in their hands, and huge pistols in their belts! Their

whose appearance indicated that they would not scruple to attack, and perhaps murder a traveller, should they come in contact with one whose purse might be worth securing. As they came within a few yards of my hiding-place, they paused, and cautiously looking round, seated themselves on a fallen oak, and resumed their conversation.

"Now must we be cautious, Avery," said one, speaking slowly and thoughtfully; "the game with which we shall this time deal is shrewd and cunning; and if we do not manage our plans well we shall be foiled. He has many dependants about him too, and we may not only fail, but ——"

"Psha! psha!" interrupted the other, in a laughing tone, "you talk like the fellow who joined us two months ago, and who became alarmed at his own shadow whenever we approached a prize. Have we not been a hundred times successful in efforts of far greater peril than this?—What can a host do against a dozen such well-skilled men as we profess ourselves to be? Umph! I should scarcely hesitate to take the risk on myself!"

"They say that the old chap belongs to this new Masonic society called Odd-Fellows, and even that is against us," replied the first speaker; "for they stick so all-firedly to each other, that you cannot attack one without bringing out a hundred."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Avery; "you have unquestionably become chicken-hearted, my bold friend, and I must report you to the captain. It will hardly do, Baldwin, to suffer you to be a party in this expedition. Some fatality might happen to you."

"Well, well, you may make light of it as you please," said Baldwin, in a hesitating tone; "but hang me if I wouldn't rather attack a dozen men that don't belong to this Society than one that does. From what I can gather of their character and conduct, they possess some such power as that attributed to Roderick Dhu, who, by a signal of his whistle, surrounded himself with a hundred friends and warriors. They have in their system, I am told, 'certain well-known signs and tokens,' which they all perfectly understand, and which they employ when danger or difficulty threatens. These signs, too, are given with such dexterity, that no one unacquainted with them can detect their drift."

"I have no doubt," replied Avery, laughing heartily, "that all you have heard is true. The Odd-Fellows, in my opinion, are a higher class of these animal magnetizers, that go about the country manipulating the simple. They *see through* and know each other 'like a book,' as a very eloquent gentleman said who addressed one of their meetings, at which I happened to be present. But there is this difference between the disciples

of Wildey (the fellow who, they say, is father of them all) and Mesmer,—the former can read each other's thoughts without going through the *stroking* process, which is very important to the successful operations of the latter."

At the conclusion of this speech the young man made the forest echo with his merriment, while the other, though barely able to restrain himself, still looked grave. At this moment I incautiously changed my position, and, in moving, my boots made such a rattling among the dry leaves in my hiding-place, that the attention of him who has been called Baldwin was attracted toward the spot where I was concealed. He instantly sprang to his feet, and shook his companion violently by the shoulder, exclaiming,

"Hark!—hear you not a rustling among the leaves there? somebody is eaves-dropping."

"Now, if he should chance to be one of these Odd-Fellows, we are gone!" replied Avery, laughing as merrily as ever; "for he is bound to go through thick and thin to warn his brother of danger. Ha! ha!"

Baldwin was approaching my place of rendezvous, when his companion grasped his arm and said, in a grave voice,

"Come, come, do not make yourself appear ridiculous. You are as superstitious to-day as a ghost-believer. You hear nothing but the wind—and Heaven knows that won't harm you."

"Well, it is better to be too careful than not careful enough," answered the other. "If any one has overheard, he must be despatched ; for dead men, you know, tell no tales."

Good Heavens ! what could I do ? Threatened with death, having no means of defending myself against the assassin, who was advancing toward my hiding-place—his words ringing in my ears—I fancied the knife already drawn across my throat ! If I attempted to escape, I should render my situation even more perilous ; for the robbers would then have shot me down like a dog !

In this unpleasant predicament, I gave myself up as lost. I had nothing to hope at the hands of the desperado whose suspicions and fears had been aroused. But I was saved as by a miracle ; for, just as Baldwin was springing to my side, and while I was yet concealed from his glance, a quick sharp whistle arrested his attention, and he suddenly turned to his companion, who had instantly answered the signal and risen to depart. The assassin paused an instant in thought, and then, much to my relief, quickly followed his associate.

There could be no question in my mind respecting the characters of these men. It was sufficiently evident that they were robbers, and that, with others, they were at that moment concocting plans to plunder and perhaps murder one who, if their own words were true, had a special claim

on my protection ; as an Odd-Fellow, I was bound to seek and warn him of his danger. But how was this to be done ? Could I venture to follow these rascals, and, by concealing myself and farther overhearing their conversation, learn who this object of their villany was ? This would be a most hazardous experiment, and, compelled to abandon it as unlikely to subserve either my own safety or the interests of my brother, I concluded that my safest, and indeed only course, was to repair to the village, and endeavor there to ascertain who the person might be that was placed in such imminent peril. My resolution was accordingly made ; while the signals of the banditti were ringing through the forest, I emerged from my concealment, and prepared to pursue my journey. But, alas ! I soon discovered a difficulty of which I had not dreamed ; I was lost in the woods ! Which way to turn I knew not, either to find my place of destination, or the village I had left behind !

I shuddered as I looked around me, and saw no way of egress ; and the thought that I might remain in the gloomy forest all night, and at last fall into the hands of the banditti which infested it, well nigh overpowered me.

Yet, though scarcely a ray of hope remained to me, I continued to wander through the wood for hours, endeavoring to find some opening for escape, until darkness came on apace ; then,

completely disheartened, I sank down in despair, and attempted to prepare myself to meet my sad fate. I had not, however, lain long in this situation, before I heard a voice ; and presently I discovered that I was in the immediate vicinity of a half-dozen banditti, two of whom, I perceived, were my acquaintances of the morning. As they were coming directly toward me, I started from my couch of leaves and quickly ascended a tree ; which I had scarcely done before they stood on the very spot I so recently occupied, and were directly below me. They were indeed as rough and unpromising a band of ruffians as one would wish to see ; and presented, with their heavy fire-arms, with which they were amply supplied, a most formidable appearance. A single sickly-looking lamp, carried in a lantern, was their only light ; and I felt secure from their observation if I could but remain quiet.

“ Well, master Avery, how stand matters with you to-night ? ” asked one who seemed to be a leader of the gang ; “ did you ‘ head off ’ the old nabob this morning in his carriage ?—and if so, what are the spoils ? ”

“ Why, the fact is, Captain,” replied the young man, “ I had not even the pleasure of making the attempt ; for that fellow Baldwin proved such a chicken-hearted scoundrel that I could not drag him to the rencounter ; and, not being willing to attempt it alone, I abandoned the effort.”

"How is this, Baldwin?" asked the captain, turning abruptly to the accused, who stood near, scowling on the speaker; "why did you not perform your duty in this matter?"

But Baldwin was evidently disinclined to offer either explanation or excuse; and remained moodily leaning on his gun, without noticing the question of his leader, who, after a moment's pause, resumed:—

"You must either leave us or acquire the spirit of a man. We must and will not be troubled with cowards."

"I am not a coward!" replied Baldwin, irritably.

"Then your conduct has been most singular," replied the other. "If you are not, you must surely be a traitor."

"It is a lie!—I am neither!" exclaimed Baldwin, stepping forward and shaking his fist violently. "And he who thus accuses me shall answer for it with his worthless life!"

"Scoundrel!" shouted the captain; "receive, then, thy deserts!" And, as he spoke, he deliberately fired a pistol at the man, who fell gasping and bleeding on the ground. "Such be the fate of all cowards and all rebels against our authority. Come, comrades! let us hasten hence, and leave his vile carcass to the tender mercy of the birds of prey. We have work on our hands, and must quickly perform it."

At these words the ruffians cheered their captain, and hastily followed him from the side of their dying comrade, who, doubtless, had been once considered one of the best of their band !

Here, then, was a new cause of anxiety. The miserable man, who had nearly discovered and murdered me in the early part of the day, was now at night dying before my eyes, and I was alone with him in the gloomiest of all situations. But I descended, and, approaching the spot where he lay, tremblingly accosted him.

"In the name of Heaven," he asked, in reply to my remark, "who art thou ? Ah ! I see—I see,—thou belongest to the spirit land, and art appointed to meet me even before I die. Oh, thou knowest all ! The villains are banditti, and—Oh God !—I was one of them !"

"Harkye, then," answered I, eagerly, for the moment forgetting every thing else in my anxiety to gather from this dying man the information I desired ; "who is the Odd-Fellow that they have resolved to plunder, and when do they attack him ?"

The bandit groaned heavily, and seemed for a moment to be overpowered with apprehension and astonishment. But he at length replied, in a faltering and scarcely audible voice, "The name, Dudleigh ;—place, near the village of Lumberton ;—time, to-morrow morning, before daylight."

"And Lumberton!" I cried, grasping his hand, "how far hence, and in what direction is it?"

"Two miles—west!——"

This was enough. I had marked the setting sun; and if my informant had not deceived me, I might yet save myself and my brother, whom I had never seen. This point settled, therefore, to my entire satisfaction, I turned my thoughts to the bandit, whose quick and labored breathings plainly indicated that he had but a few moments longer to live.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, kneeling at his side, and attempting to ascertain whether it was possible to afford him any relief.

"Nothing—nothing," he said, feebly; "but oh—help—plead for—aid me—when—when—God—"

The succeeding words died on his lips; a violent struggle ensued, and the body of the strong man fell heavily to the ground. The spirit had fled, and nothing now remained of poor Baldwin, save the vile tabernacle in which the soul had so recently dwelt.

My situation was now deeply distressing. It is true, I had discovered a way of escape from the wood, and expected to save my brother Odd-Fellow; but I was left alone with the dead, in the gloom of night, and could not conscientiously forsake the body, without making some effort to place it in the ground. On reflection, however,

I saw that it would not be possible for me to dispose of the bandit's remains in burial ; all that I could do was to close the eyes, place the hands on the breast, cover the cold clay with leaves, and consign it to its silent repose.

These duties performed, I hastened from the spot, and, taking the direction designated by the robber, in a short time came to a by-road, and hastened toward the village whither it led. The sky, which had recently been clouded, now became clear, and the starlight presently disclosed to my view the village of Lumberton, dimly reposing in a quiet valley, as silently as though its now slumbering inhabitants were incapable of making its pleasant little street resound with the voices of merriment and business.

A few minutes' walk brought me to the door of a neat cottage, at which, with some hesitation, I knocked ; my summons was shortly answered by a person from the upper story, who thrust his head over the window-sill, and demanded my business. Replying that I was a stranger, who had something important to communicate, and begging him to pardon my intrusion and hear my story, he immediately descended, and invited me into the house. And soon, to my inexpressible satisfaction, I discovered that he was himself a brother Odd-Fellow !

I need not attempt to describe the astonishment with which my new friend received the intelli-

gence I at once gave ; nor need I say that he did not for a moment question my veracity ; for his immediate conviction of my connection with the Order, communicated by the sign I gave when I entered his room, was sufficient proof to him of my integrity. He did not, therefore, hesitate to prepare himself as expeditiously as practicable, and repair at once to the dwellings of the neighbors, to apprise them of the contemplated attack on a gentleman who, he said, was highly respected by them all.

The startled villagers, as they were, successively, aroused from their sleep, regarded the affair with great astonishment ; but not one of them refused to join our party ; and it was two hours before daylight when twenty of us repaired to the residence of Mr. Dudleigh, half a mile from the village, awoke him from a profound slumber, and amazed him with a statement of the fearful catastrophe that threatened him.

Mr. Dudleigh, I learned, was a wealthy farmer, who had long resided near Lumberton. He received us with the utmost politeness, and tendered me hearty thanks for thus interesting myself in his behalf. But there was little time for ceremony ; the moment was rapidly approaching when all should be called upon to act ; and our little force was speedily disposed to the best advantage, to await the expected attack of the robbers.

It was arranged that myself and four others should be secreted at a little distance from the house, whence we were carefully to watch and give notice of the robbers' approach, while the remainder of the company should await the attack within. Accordingly, we selected positions where we should be secure from observation, and silently listened. My situation being farthest from the door, it was expected that I would give the first alarm, which was to be immediately communicated through my companions to our friends inside. This alarm, or signal, was to be made by a growl, resembling, as nearly as possible, that of a dog.

I had kept my position for some fifteen minutes, when, true to their time and plans, the banditti appeared, stealthily and noiselessly crawling through the garden toward the back windows. They came forward, and passed me; but, in passing the signal agreed on to my next neighbor, I gave a "growl" so palpably unlike that of the canine race, that the robbers instantly paused, and turned their faces toward my hiding-place.

"Well," said one, whose voice I at once knew to be the good-natured Avery's, "if that growl came from a dog, the animal is undoubtedly laboring under a severe attack of *delirium tremens*."

"We must see to this," responded the captain; "I fear we are watched. Let us listen. Hark!

There goes another growl—and another ! The old chap has an army of dogs here ! Comrades, we must abandon this adventure for the present.” And as he concluded, he retraced his steps, followed by his band.

Enraged at my folly, and chagrined that I had so egregiously blundered in the signal, I lost all self-control ; and, rushing heedlessly among the dozen armed men who were retreating, before I could speak a word to sound an alarm, I was borne away from the spot, and, despite all my remonstrances, quickly conveyed to the wood from which I had so recently escaped !

Now indeed my condition was most pitiable. The banditti brought me to their rendezvous, and heaped upon me every species of insult, declaring that I should not be permitted to live an hour, unless I consented to join them, lead them the next night to Mr. Dudleigh’s, and assist to plunder and murder the man whom I had taken such pains to protect. And—think it not strange, good reader ; life is sweet, and all cling to it most tenaciously—I at length decided that I would comply with their demands !

No sooner had I acceded to their wishes than their deportment toward me became kind and gentle ; and they treated me with such unlimited confidence, and appeared so pleasant and agreeable, that I regarded them with sincere respect, and wondered how any one could think of in-

juring such excellent fellows. In a word, I had strangely enough become, in feeling, as confirmed a bandit as any one of the villains in whose society I felt so perfectly at home!

"The fact is, my friends," said I, as we all sat around a fire which had been lighted after their return, quaffing the best wine I had tasted for many a day, "I have wronged you. But the misfortune has been that I did not enjoy your acquaintance."

"Here's to our new comrade!" responded the captain, draining his glass; "may he be a star among us! Come, gentlemen, let us pass the hour that remains to us before daylight in rejoicing! But tell us," he continued, addressing me, "how came you to suspect our plot?"

"Why, the truth is, comrades," I replied, "I have, singularly enough, been an eye-witness of some of your operations during the last eighteen hours." And I apprised them of all I had seen and heard since I first encountered Baldwin and Avery in the morning.

"Now this is truly surprising!" cried the leader, when I had concluded my statement; "then you saw the death of that rascal Baldwin! And you approved our course in that affair?"

"Oh, certainly!" I exclaimed; "he deserved his fate. But, if Mr. Avery there had not interposed in my behalf, I should not be with you here to-night."

"Well, well," said the captain, "every thing has proved for the best, and we are all jolly fellows together. Now, good master Avery, give us one of your forest songs, for the entertainment of our new comrade."

"Here's to the truest happiness!" cried Avery, drinking. "A song, said you? harkye then:—

Brothers! the boasted lore of the schools
Hath been but learned dreaming—
Alack for the frigid moralist's rules,
Alack for the sophist's scheming!
They tell us Happiness where to find—
Yet none of the learn'd have found her,
Straying bewildered, time out of mind,
In orbits wide around her.

Some seek her in the eremite's cave—
Some in the throng pursue her—
Some where the plume and banner wave,
And some on the ocean woo her.
Fools! they are striving to make, not find,
The bliss for which they're sighing!
While the flowers with which their hearts they'd bind
Under their tread are dying!

Brothers! it needeth not searching long
To find where aye she smileth,
And poureth her night and morning song,
And every heart beguileth.
Drink, friends, drink! let the neophyte now
Bask in the reign of Pleasure,
And feel in our forest home the glow
Of only the forest's treasure."

The song was received with shouts of acclamation by the whole band, among which my own voice was not the lowest.

An hour passed on thus agreeably ; then, however, the party, warmed with wine, wearied with exertion, and requiring repose, one by one dropped down near the fire, and fell asleep. But, for my own part, my mind was so impressed with the events of the day, that I could not close my eyes ; I sat gazing on the slumbering banditti, whose rest seemed as perfect as though they had been reclining on beds of down in lordly palaces. I might now, indeed, have escaped ; but nothing was further from my thoughts than the intention to quit their company : I was so deeply in love with the free, roving life of these forest adventurers, that the bare idea of leaving them would have been painful.

No extraordinary occurrence took place during the succeeding day. The robbers passed most of the time in such amusements as a forest life afforded ; but their principal enjoyment appeared to be in drinking and carousing. After midnight, however, they suddenly abandoned their pleasures, and prepared for a second attack on my friend Mr. Dudleigh. I need not dwell on their plans ; they were speedily and easily arranged ; and, willingly followed by myself, they went forth once more to the assault on him whose house, as they affirmed, "was filled with good

things, and not lacking for gold"—the most desirable of all good things.

On arriving at the gate near which, the morning before, I had been so rudely captured, we paused a moment to reconnoitre ; and, becoming soon satisfied that no impediment stood in our way, entered the garden, and crept cautiously towards the house. Avery, who had preceded us, was already inside ; he had unbarred the door ; and, seeing the path now clear, and wishing to acquire among my new associates a character for courage and prompt action, I impetuously rushed in. That moment, to my indescribable dismay and terror, my ears were stunned by a loud crash from the upper windows, and I instantly discovered that the contents of a dozen muskets had been discharged among my unlucky comrades ! My first impulse was to fly ; but I had scarcely conceived the thought before I was knocked, as if a sledge-hammer had struck me, to the floor.

I know not how long I remained insensible ; when I again opened my eyes, I saw myself surrounded by the villagers whom I had, on the previous morning, aroused from sleep and entreated to protect the very man whose enemies I had now been found aiding and abetting !

"A precious rascal, this !" exclaimed the Odd-Fellow to whom, on entering the village of Lumberton, I had introduced myself, in the manner

before related ; " he came to me with the sign and grip of a brother, too ! "

" But what could have been his motive for these extraordinary manœuvres ? " asked Mr. Dudleigh.

" It was, doubtless, a mere freak, " was the reply ; " I suppose he wished to amuse himself and his companions, and at the same time pave the way for the real attack, which has been made this morning. But, if we except this Janus-faced scoundrel, the robbers have all escaped, though I trust some of them will not soon forget us.

This conversation showed me at a glance the utter hopelessness of my condition ; I had not the heart even to attempt a defence. Was mortal man ever so unlucky as I had been during these eight-and-forty hours of calamity !

There was no hope—no help—for me. I passively allowed myself to be taken before a magistrate, who, to my unutterable confusion, proved to be my quondam schoolmaster, Esquire Moore, a good man, whom I sincerely revered and loved ! My guilt was clearly established by a dozen witnesses, and the worthy magistrate, with tears in his eyes, wrote an order for my commitment to prison, whither I was directly conveyed.

I shall not attempt to describe my sensations when I was thrown into a cell, and left to mourn over my sad fate in solitude. Nor shall I dwell on the gloom and horror which possessed my

mind during the long weeks that preceded my trial. When the time at last came for my appearance before the judge's bar, a fellow in the throng that had assembled to get a sight of me remarked, as I passed him, that a "thin rope would answer the purpose very well, as I was by no means a *weighty* subject."

To the formal question of the clerk of the court I pleaded Not Guilty, whereupon the jury was empannelled, and my trial commenced. The prosecuting party introduced some twenty witnesses, while my counsel produced but one, a physician, who believed, he said, that I was little better than a raving madman!

My lawyer made an ingenious defence; but the current was plainly against me. The public prosecutor spoke upwards of an hour. It was clear, he asserted, that I was not only one of the highwaymen who had attacked Mr. Dudleigh, but that I was even the leader—the captain—of a gang which had been for years the terror of western Jersey. "Gentlemen," said he, pathetically, "when this prisoner shall have received his deserts, the wives of your bosoms and the children of your love will no more cling to you convulsively, as you leave their fond embrace to go on a journey; for they then will have no fear that your dead bodies may be found by the roadside, all gory with crimson dye!—then, in one word, gentlemen of the jury, instead of suf-

fering in a pandemonium, we shall dwell in an eden !”

The eloquent gentleman ceased ; the judge delivered his charge ; the jury retired, and, after half an hour's absence, returned with a verdict of Guilty. Three days afterward I was sentenced to die ; and six weeks were allotted me to prepare for my doom.

The six weeks passed—weeks of agony : I had been visited, during the time, by the ministers of religion, who earnestly and affectionately pointed me to the only true Source of happiness in vain : I could not pray—I could not repent—I could not call on the name of Heaven ! I thought only of the gallows and my awful fate.

The hour for my execution came ; the sheriff conducted me from my dungeon : I mounted the steps that led to the scaffold ; I looked, and saw below me a dense throng of spectators, with sad and troubled faces : a few moments passed in fearful silence ; then the cap was drawn over my eyes—the rope adjusted round my neck—the word given to knock the platform from under me—***

* * * * *

I rubbed my eyes, and saw myself surrounded by gentlemen who slept contiguous to my chamber, one of whom hoped, that, if I had any regard for the nerves of my fellow-lodgers, I would postpone the remainder of my DREAM to some future time !

New-York, September 16, 1843.

DANCING.

It is a glorious summer time ;
The olive and the blushing lime
Are robed in many a purple vest ;
And on the greenwood's mossy breast,
A veil of roses, freshly blown
By Flora's gentle hand, is thrown,
To woo with morning's earliest glance
The fair-browed Myra's tripping feet,
Away beneath the orange boughs,
Where fairies pledge their fondest vows,
And happiest girls, at twilight hour,
From palace hall and plantèd bower,
Steal forth to wing the mazy dance.

The piper sits beneath the tree,
Whose branches nod so lovingly,
And toss their fragrance to the air ;
A smiling boy, with love, I ween,
In those two eyes which glance so keen
On her, the tempting and the fair :
How light his summer robe is flung
Across those shoulders, soft and young,—
So light, I note with fancy's eyes
That throbbing bosom gently rise,
By strange emotions stirred and thrilled.

Beyond, a laughing nymph I see
Beneath that same o'er-hanging tree,
With radiant eyes and curling hair,
A look that hath no sign of care,
As plays upon her cheek the while
A brighter than the summer smile.

And she—the rose-wreathed dancer gay—
What line shall paint the glow she bears?
The beam of love and hope she wears?

The blushes on her lip that play,
As tossing up that snow-white arm,
She glides along the music's charm,
The happiest of the guileless three
Who sport beneath the orange-tree?

The minstrel wakes a pleasing strain :

O, dance, ye fair and free of heart—
On whose sweet bosom, softly pressed,
The spotless rose has made its nest ;

And thou who play'st the gazer's part,
Rest not thy feet amid the flowers,
Such summer morn may ne'er again
Return to thee with golden hours ;
Up, while the grass with dew is fringed,
While leaf and flower, with sparkles tinged,
Beneath, and on the bending trees,
Wave gently to the passing breeze.

Dance on, O fair and beauteous girl !
Toss to the wind each auburn curl,
And trip with mirth the hours away ;
A full, free heart, like thine to-day,
Should neither grief nor sorrow know :

The sky above, and earth below,
Have blent their smiles to make thee gay.
Pipe, minstrel, pipe your sweetest lay,
And let these angel creatures tread
With joy the turf so freshly spread,

By fairy hand, with nature's sheen,
The daisy white and hairbell blue,

The red-lipt rose and vine leaf green,
All glistening with the morning dew.
How lovelier are such sports as these,
The guileless dance beneath the trees,

Of youths and maids whose hearts are pure,
Than noisier mirth in palaces,

Where art and vice the soul allure !
O maidens, dance ! the fresh free air
That sports so fondly with your hair,
Shall drive away the stains of years ;
Shall veil those eyes to sorrow's tears,
And keep your spirits light and gay,
Till life has danced its youth away !

Why shall not youth be full of glee ?

Why not *all* dance as light and free

As these young Naiads of the morn ?

See how the leaves to every breeze

Are dancing on the forest trees—

How o'er yon mossy knoll, the rose,

As soft the trilling zephyr blows,

Lifts up its quivering face of red,

And, blushing, gently waves its head !

Ay, e'en the murmuring ripples spring

And dance from hill to daisied vale,

Before the pipings of the gale,

As bends the summer wind its wing :
Why not our hearts as free as they,
Our feet as light, our cheeks as gay ?

They are, if kept as free of guile :
They only drink the morning's smile,
Or taste the cooling dews of eve.
'Tis guilt that makes us sad and drear,
That spoils our dance of pleasure here ;
We hope, and dream, and madly weave
Another than the wreath of rose ;

We hie not to the orange grove,
And list the soothing strains of love,
Nor twine fresh flowers in our hair,
That spring in lonely beauty there.

Our minstrel is the passion string,
Whose music ever harsher grows,
As cold around our spirits spring
The faded dreams of other years :

While they, the spotless and the young,
With naught of ill, or grief, or tears,
Forth to their piper's strain have sprung,
With fairy feet and laughing eyes,
Beneath those blue-browed morning skies ;
And flinging every care away,
Have danced through all the summer day.

Dance on, O girl of joyous smile !
Long as thou wilt, the hours beguile
With guiltless sport as that of thine.
Blow, minstrel ! blow thy softest lays !
And thou, sweet watcher, who dost gaze
Like fairy on the fairy queen ;

Trip forth among the blossoms green,
Unloose thy fluttering heart to joy ;
Be free, and full of mirth to-day,
Of bliss that knows no base alloy ;
O sport the rapturous hours away
In song and dance by Flora's shrine ;
Be spotless as thy wreath of flowers—
As pleasant as these morning hours
Which toss thy folds of golden curl—
And God will bless thy dance, sweet girl !

August 20, 1843

C. S. D.

23*

TO THE STARS.

From the German.

BY MRS. CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

STARS over me burning,
With heart ever yearning,
To you I am turning,
 In rapture, mine eyes!
So when in death's keeping
I calmly am sleeping,
Friends over me weeping,
 To you shall I rise.

When lonely I languish,
In sorrow and anguish,
Your beams consoling
 Look mildly down;
On you then relying,
My soul never dying,
By long self-denying,
 Shall win the blest crown!

Fair suns of the evening!
Earth's tumults all leaving,

When I shall slumber
And sorrow no more ;

Calm be my pillow,
Beneath the green willow ;
Joyful my welcome
On heaven's bright shore.

New York, August, 1843.

THE DEFEATED STRATAGEM.

BY BRO. JOHN T. MAYO.

It is a mercy, for which I desire to be duly thankful, that I am not, and never was, that pitiable creature—a man of fashion. I never could endure the restraints of an unmeaning etiquette, nor the sickly atmosphere and forced gaiety of crowded drawing-rooms. Let the maudlin goddess with her glittering tiara and tinselled robe, issue her imperial edicts to the thoughtless crowd, and summon to her senseless levee the simpering coxcomb and the tittering flirt; let wax-candles blaze, and fiddlers scrape, and dancers whirl, till even mustached apes, those brainless burlesques upon humanity, grow sick of the disgusting revelry. Give me the bright flowery plains, and verdant groves, and the fresh air and cheering light of heaven. I am with that light-hearted group of rustic swains, and merry, bright-eyed damsels, that gambol wild and free over the fresh greensward. Health and innocence are the presiding deities there; no artificial cosmetics are

needed to conceal the withering effects of midnight watchings and midday listlessness; no potations to give a momentary spring to the sluggish blood. There, too, the hypocrisy of etiquette is unknown; we find amidst that joyous circle no needy wheedling Jeremy Diddlers or Peter Funks, ducking and cringing to their more fortunate fellow-fools. No bland deceptive smile plays upon the lip whilst hatred is rankling in the heart. All is honest truth and generous confidence; and there is more soul in one burst of that careless laugh, than in all the snickering and giggling of a fashionable rout for hours together.

Well do I remember, mingling in those sportive scenes, the gay and beauteous Ellen Morton, the fairest Hebe amongst all the blooming vestals, the lustre of whose charms threw around those peaceful happy homes a spell of delightful enchantment. She was the only child of a widowed mother, to whose happiness she consecrated the generous, untiring efforts of devoted affection. There was in her gentle and retiring nature an affinity to the sequestered scenes among which her sunny hours were passed, and they were endeared to her heart by many fond and tender associations. Her quiet thoughts never wandered beyond the bounds of her own native vale. Here her peaceful moments sweetly glided by, and each returning day seemed to impart to her

cheek a richer bloom, whilst it strewed the pathway of life with bright and thornless flowers.

Yet was she not doomed to blush wholly unseen and unknown. Her presence had in many instances cheered the dwelling of affliction, and from her limited resources she was ever ready to relieve the necessities of the suffering poor. Although unostentatious in the performance of the works of kindness and humanity, yet the truth could not be concealed that the gratification of the benevolent sympathies of her heart had frequently been purchased at the expense of her own personal comfort and convenience. Sacrifices of this kind were however made with a cheerfulness which evinced that the love of doing good was superior to every selfish consideration. The spirit of heavenly charity and generous self-denial, which shone sweetly forth in all her character, obtained for her an exalted place in the esteem of all with whom she was associated.

“None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise.”

Often when the declining sun threw his mellow parting beams over the enchanting landscape, the rich lute-like melody of her glad voice rose upon the evening breeze as she joined in the sportive chase, or rambled along the shaded brook, or threaded the labyrinths of the wild ra-

vine. The heart of many a rustic swain poured forth its homage at the gentle shrine of her angelic loveliness ; but there was one to whom in the guileless simplicity of her untutored heart she had awarded the priceless tribute of its purest affection.

Of George Hartwell it could with truth be affirmed, that though his lot in life was humble, he was rich in all the possessions of manly worth and virtue. He was one of those few practical philosophers who, blest with that holy peace that springs from conscious rectitude, can find content beneath the meanest hedge. For Ellen he cherished an affection approaching to adoration, but it was founded not so much upon her personal charms as upon the native goodness of her heart. Their union was a matter of interesting anticipation, not only to themselves, but to the kind villagers around them ; but there was one obstacle which lay in the way of its speedy accomplishment.

From the romantic scenery of the vicinity, and the attractions it presented to the sportsman, it was a place of favorite resort during the summer season. Many a would-be fashionable loungeur, with his nicely brushed whiskers and scented handkerchief, might be seen on a fine morning sallying out equipped for vengeance upon the feathered minstrels of the forest, or the finny denizens of the brook ; and pop after pop was to be heard

during the day, the tendency of which was to frighten the little birds very considerably. One of these visitors had managed to ingratiate himself into the good graces of Mrs. Morton, and from the respectability of his family and his ample expectations, she was induced to regard him as an eligible match for her daughter. Ellen however had preferences of her own, and these her mother anxiously strove to overcome.

Of Tom Watson, as he was usually called, it may be said that he was one of those worthless whiskered miscreants whom nature, to atone for her chariness in the endowment of intellect, has invested with a handsome figure and an overwhelming supply of vanity and impudence. He had been accustomed to regard himself as irresistible by the ladies, and he was much chagrined by the cool indifference manifested by Ellen towards him.

Under these circumstances it was with pain that Hartwell found himself compelled to leave for a few days on a tour of business. He reposed, however, the most undoubting confidence in Ellen's firmness and constancy, and they parted with mutual assurances of unchanging fidelity. During his absence, it so happened that the dashing Tom Watson made his appearance, and finding that his rival was out of the way, he redoubled his efforts to win the distant fair one to himself; but though warmly seconded

by the mother, he was mortified to find that they were entirely unavailing.

Thus baffled in his hopes, he had not manliness enough to relinquish the pursuit, but his eagerness increased in proportion to his disappointment. He affected, however, to submit to a decision which he perceived it was impossible to reverse, and requested that he might in future be permitted to visit the family in the capacity of a friend; a request which, on the part of Ellen, was acceded to with unfeigned reluctance. Hartwell had now been gone several weeks, during which time several letters had been received from him, in the last of which he complained of slight indisposition, occasioned, as he supposed, by the fatigue of travelling. A few days after this a note was received communicating the afflicting intelligence that the sickness of which he had complained had proved fatal, and that George Hartwell was no more!

We need not advert to the distress of Ellen upon hearing the mournful tidings, but it was doomed to be augmented by the course pursued by her fond but misguided parent, who now most strenuously insisted that she should give her hand to her wealthy and accomplished suitor. Among other considerations, she represented to her that the income upon which she depended for support was rapidly diminishing, and that, in all probability, she would ere long be thrown upon the

cold world, unless her daughter, by pursuing a judicious course, should avert such a calamity.

This appeal to her sense of filial duty rested with weight upon Ellen's mind, when every other argument had failed. After many severe struggles between the inclinations of her heart and the love she bore to a widowed mother, and in the fond hope that, should she make a sacrifice of the former, the man to whom she must unwillingly surrender her hand, might eventually prove worthy of her respect, if not of her affection, she at last brought herself to the resolution to yield her own wishes, and consent to breathe with her lips a promise which her heart must sternly disavow.

The bridal morn dawned in beauty. The swarthy peasant threw his scythe over his shoulder and went whistling down the glen. Here and there happy groups of children were frolicking in innocent glee, and cheerful faces looked out from every cottage door. To Ellen it seemed as if nature had arrayed herself in her brightest smiles to mock the sadness that brooded over her own desolate heart. There was one by her side whose bland and silvery tones fell upon her careless ear, but the voice whose soft accents of tenderness once caused her young soul to thrill with emotions of unutterable delight was hushed in the silence of the grave. With mournful step she bent her way to the sequestered spot hallow-

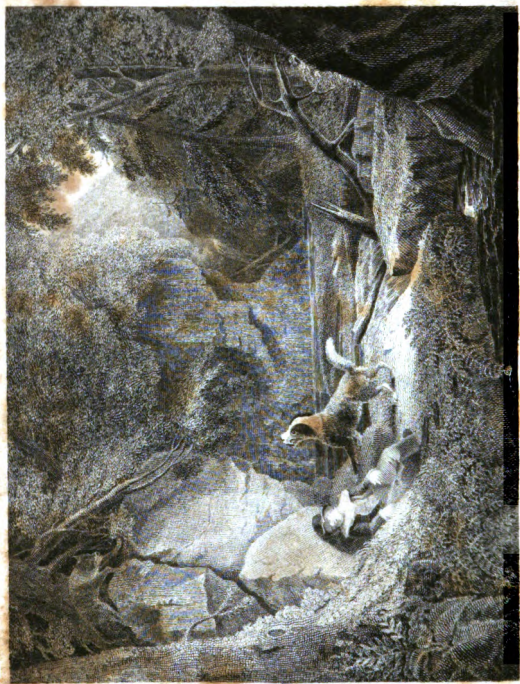
ed by the remembrance of many an hour of purest pleasure in the company of one whose memory could never fade from her heart. Absorbed in her own thoughts, she started at the sound of her name; and that voice—how like that in which George was wont to call to her when in their rambles they became for a moment separated! but no, it could not be; and yet it was a sweet delusion. Her wakeful ear now watched the slightest sound. Again, nearer and more distinctly her name is borne upon the air—she trembles—she sinks, and George Hartwell receives her in his arms.

The friendly rivulet that murmured through that quiet retreat, supplied a kind restorative, and Ellen opened her deep-blue eye to gaze upon a face dearer to her than any on earth beside, and to receive upon her lips the impress of a long impassioned kiss. Agitated by the mingled emotions of surprise and joy, she was unable at the moment to enter upon a narrative of the events which had taken place, further than to apprise him of the fact of their having heard of his death, and that, overawed by the solicitations of her mother, she had consented to a union, of which she could not think without the deepest loathing. Morton was too firmly convinced of the unalterable truth of the fair object of his affections, to entertain the shadow of a distrust as to the purity of motives which had influenced her

proceedings. But he could not suppress a momentary feeling of resentment towards a wretch whom he had been accustomed to regard with no other sentiment than that of utter contempt. Yet over all the conflict of his thoughts predominated a sensation of devout gratitude to the Providence which had directed his footsteps homeward in time to prevent the consummation of a project, which would not only have imbittered his own existence, but entailed remorse and wretchedness upon one who was dearer to him than life.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the subsequent incidents of this little drama. Suffice it to say, that upon the appearance of the happy pair, the unprincipled Watson, on being boldly confronted by his rival, was compelled to acknowledge that he had suppressed the letters of Hartwell, and had caused to be written and mailed, at a distant place, the one referring to his decease. Mrs. Morton was so indignant at the atrocious deception, and disregard of the sensitive feelings of her daughter, evinced by the gay cavalier, that she forbade him the house; and, with her advice and prayers for the prosperity of George and his affianced bride, gave her cheerful assent to their immediate union, a course which she never afterwards had occasion for one moment to regret.

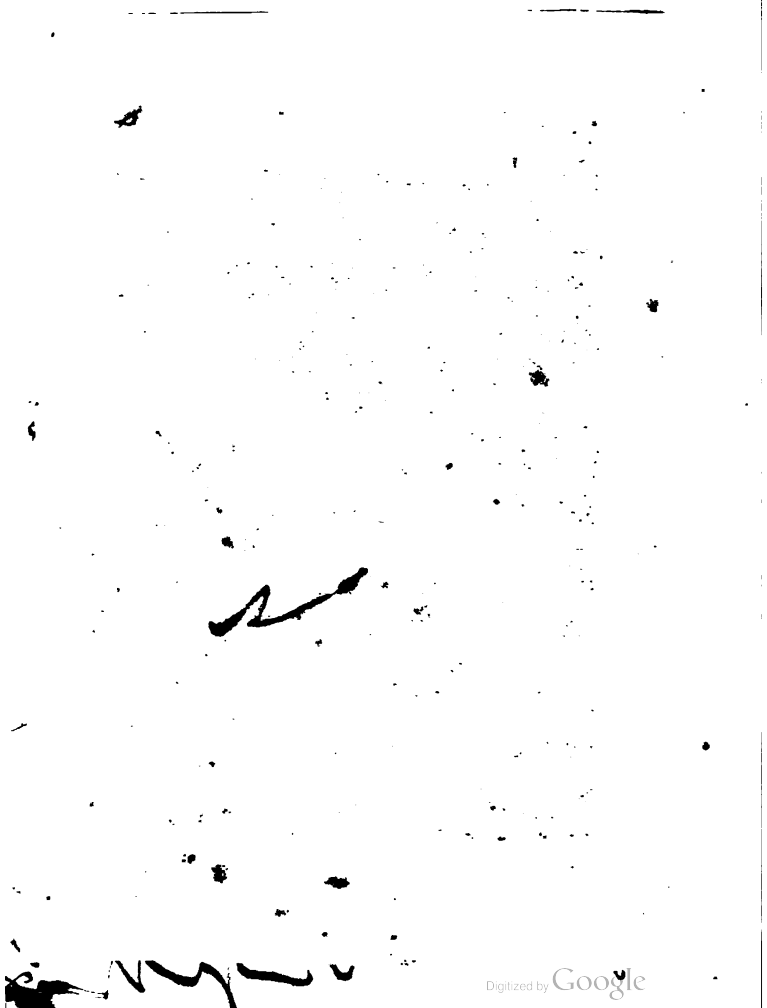
New York, August, 1843.



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THE LITTLE CAT AND THE DOG.

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THE LOST BOY.

BY BRO. P. SQUIRES.

DEEP in a western forest's native wilds,
Where nature's solitude had ne'er been broke,
Save, as, perchance, some Indian's foot-fall woke
The echoes of its dim and shadowy aisles,
Or from surrounding hills which lay in piles
Upreared, that seemed to kiss the glowing sky,
Bounding the view from south to farthest north,
Some wild beast from its rocky den came forth,
And sent upon the breeze its hollow cry—

Wandered a fair young boy, upon whose brow
The light of seven summers scarce had shone;
His cheek was wreathed with smiles—his soul
o'erflown
With rapture, such as those alone may know,
Within whose breast unsullied passions glow,—
Ere sin hath poisoned life's young streams and
made
Their waters flow with bitterness and gall,—
Beamed in his speaking eye; and hope, and all
Life's purest joys were in each glance betrayed.

At morn he left his father's cottage door
In quest of flowers, and wandered heedless on,
Till, wearied with his journey, he sank down,
Breathless and faint on nature's verdant floor,
And wept, and called his mother's name, till o'er
His throbbing heart a dreamy languor stole,
And thus he poured upon the evening breeze,
Which sighed in mournful cadence through the trees,
The last sad farewell of his sinless soul :

Mother, farewell ! tears, bitter tears, will flow,
When evening comes, and I am still away ;
And thou wilt kneel beside my bed and pray
For blessings on me, till hope's flame will glow
A moment in thy heart—then deeper wo,—
A conscious loneliness will come again,
Like a wild torrent o'er thee ; and swift thought,
And hope, and fear, and agony o'erwrought,
Will dart like fire along thy burning brain.

I grieve not thus, dear mother ; I don't fear
The darkness that surrounds me—for I feel
A comforting assurance o'er me steal,
That He whose eye sleeps not, is with me here ;
And you have often wiped away the tear
That dimmed mine eye when childish sorrow
press'd,
And told me there were brighter worlds on high,
And spotless robes and crowns of victory
Adorn each form in that sweet land of rest.

And I am weary of this life, and soon
Shall fly away, and be an angel too,

And sing the song whose strains are ever new ;
And dwell above the pearly stars and moon,
Where night comes not, but high eternal noon
Shineth forever. But my breath is weak,
And icy coldness steals upon my brow :
Mother, farewell—there—there—I'm happy now—
My eyes are dim and heavy—let me sleep.

Day after day that anguished mother sought,
Yet sought in vain, her heart's fond idol—all
The hopes and expectations that had cheered
Her lonely widowhood, and gave a charm
To life, united in him. But as thus she wept
And gave her sorrows to the evening wind,
A well known voice falls on her listening ear :
'Tis the faint baying of their faithful dog,
Still watching round his youthful master's bed.
Swift as the frightened fawn, she seeks the spot
Whence came that sound, when lo ! she stands be-
side

Her long-lost child—she clasps him to her heart,
With feelings that no language may express.
She presses on his cheek one burning kiss,
And calls his name. But no soft voice is heard,
Nor loving glance repays her fond caress.
Ah, no ! those eyes were sealed in dreamless sleep—
The little wanderer's spirit had gone home.

August, 1843.

FLY, SWIFTLY FLY! YE WINGED HOURS.

"No dews give freshness to this blasted soil."

BY THOMAS W. RENNE.

FLY, swiftly fly! ye winged hours,
As once ye did in Norna's bowers,
When eyes were bright, and hearts were true,
And summers there like moments flew.

Away! for since no more ye bring
Nor love nor hope upon your wing,
My spirit doth but sigh to be
Free as your flight can make it free.

Away, away! and bear me on
To where the sad in heart are one
With those who here at pleasure's shrine
Have poured her song and quaffed her wine!

New York, August, 1843.

THE MOTHER TO HER BURIED CHILD.

BY JOHN W. M'CUNE.

AGNES, my loved and lovely one,
I miss thee from my vacant knee ;
I turn to hear thy prattling tone,
But ah ! it sounds no more to me.

I may not—cannot clasp thee now,
And to my bosom closely press ;
But o'er thy grave my burning brow
Oft pours its streams of bitterness.

I know 'tis useless thus to weep :
Unceasing tears are shed in vain ;
But sorrow's fountain wells so deep,
Though often stanch'd, 'twould gush again.

Oblivion—false, mistaken friend—
Bids e'en thine image to depart ;
But memory wakes, whose powers contend
To fix thee firmer in my heart.

The brightest buds are doomed to blow
And blast beneath a kind caress ;
So thou didst bloom, alas ! to show
That fate is foe to loveliness.

Thou wert all lovely ; thy sweet form,
And infant song, and sparkling eye,

Gave birth to feelings new and warm,
A doating mother's ecstasy.

Not lovely to *my* heart alone
Was thy sweet face and sweeter smile ;
For stranger-hearts, all, all unknown,
Would pause to gaze on thee awhile :

Would pause and pass : but I did gaze,
Untiring, on thy blossoming,
And found new beauties still to praise,
And marked thy mind developing.

I gazed still further, and I saw
Death hurl his unrelenting dart,
Thy limbs the quick convulsions draw—
And saw thee gasping—oh ! my heart !

Poor restless heart, you beat in vain
For joys from you forever fled ;
Then closely hug each pang of pain
That mindeth you of Agnes, dead.

Yes—Agnes sleeps a wakeless sleep,—
That thought is maddest misery :
Away !—nor bid me cease to weep,
For naught but grief is left to me !

New York, August, 1843.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

On seeing an engraving of a young widow kneeling by the cradle of her sleeping infant, with a miniature in her hand.

MOTHER, in your young hour of bliss,
When infancy and love combined
Breathed on your lip the honeyed kiss,
And visions bright danced o'er your mind ;

When drinking of the charmed bowl,
Dreamed you the fount would ever dry,
Or that a shadow o'er your soul,
From tempests, should they whistle by,

Would ever leave a glimpse or trace
Of all their wild uproar and wrath,
Or e'en a single flower deface
That blossom'd sweet around your path ?

Could racks or torture e'er invent
Pangs more severe than those which wrung
Your bosom, when your soul was rent
From him o'er whom you speechless hung ?

Alone, when bending o'er your boy,
Tell me if earth a joy bestows,

So pure, so free from all alloy,
As that the widowed mother knows,

When in her infant's eye she sees,
His father's image mirrored clear,
And, gazing on his rosy face,
Beholds each sweet expression there,

Which lighted up in life's young morn,
Upon affection's sacred shrine,
And brightened with each rising dawn,
Until the one he whispered, "*Mine?*"

"Odd-Fellows!"—honored be their name,
Who sought you 'mid your flowing tears;
More lasting than the stars their fame,
And more enduring than the spheres.

Peace, gentle stranger, fare thee well;
While gazing on your boy and you,
Memory woke my heart's deep spell,
To sing of blighted hopes: adieu!

M. L. S.

July, 1843.

THE END.

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